MY · FIRST · HARVEST

OR THE

LEISURE · HOURS · OF A · YOUTHFUL · POET ·

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MY FIRST HARVEST

OR THE

Leisure Hours of a Youthful Poet

BY

ANNA E. WEST-LYON.

Though planted in my early youth,
It to a harvest grew.
I rept it 'twixt each laboring hour;
I sheaves of wisdom drew.

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NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
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EXPLANATION.

THOUGH many years have passed since this work was written, and many shades of disappointment have been cast upon it, still never-ceasing hope and patience have borne its pages to the press.

In my early days of youth, I mused in the shades of *Dreamland and penned its pages in a quiet strain of song. I met and talked with them whom I have named within it; shedding sympathy for them who sighed laments, and yielding them in quiet song their tale of joy or woe.

In the silence and darkness of night, while the boughs of Dreamland sighed around me, there appeared to my chamber the good, gray phantom, bearing the brilliant light that lit the young apprentice into fortune. He unfolded to me the tale of his secret fortune, and begged my genius to place it forth in song. In that spiritual-lit chamber I yielded forth his wishes, and gazing far beyond the worlds of mortality, anchored my soul to the spirit-land. When I awoke from my labor, all Nature spread glowing before me; I took my lyre to yield her forth a song.

---

* My secret home of eternal dreams and visions, where I am ever called upon by characters, some of whom I here make known.

While its chords warbled forth a praise to the mother of all creation, I viewed complete My First Harvest, reaped from the contents of my mind. In this it appears just as I gleaned it, no change having entered on the labor of my youth.

Disappointment dark and sad,
  Come forth, I fear thee not,
Though thou hath brought much woe to me,
  Much sorrow to my lot;
But I have triumphed over thee,
  Have crushed thee 'neath my feet;
Thy face I fear to see no more;
  Thy darkest cloud to greet.

Anna E. West-Lyon.

PREFACE.

MY FIRST HARVEST, though small, may contain, I hope, within the few pages of its four sections, new ideas, forming both interest and instruction. It is not to be styled the best of literature, but simply the product of the leisure hours of a youthful poet. There are but few pages that contain reality, as they were mostly drawn from the world of imagination, while alone in my humble cottage; yet they may picture out shadows of truth which may be beneficial to many persons, principally the young, as there are several pages containing the reasons of middle-aged persons why their foot-prints were not deeper so far on their paths of life, and it may be plainly seen by their language in those pages that it was with them when young as it is with most youths.

They do not, like an older person,
View their work before they do it;
But, with a youthful sort of passion,
Do their work before they view it.

There are some pages which present my religion, and though they may not please all, I am compelled, when necessary, to express that faith which was given to me by reason. I have not done so, desiring to turn any from the faith in which they trust, but simply because it became necessary in such parts.

There are also some pages which present love, and by them it may be plainly seen that that matter should be well considered on, as it has been the cause of many deeds both good and bad, some of which may be found within the pages of my simple work.

Blossom of my early youth;
  Harvest which brought me delight;
May all enjoy thy sheaves like truth;
  May they make thy firesides bright.
May rich and poor them see alike,
  And from their chaff draw sparks of gold,
Which may as peace on each soul strike,
  Instruction to unfold.

ANNA E. WEST-LYON.

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INTERESTING POEMS.

A LECTURE TO THE WORK OF GOD.

O ROCKS! who laid your great foundation,
And placed ye here before a nation,
With clefts so deep and wide?
Who carved ye out upon the land?
It was a wondrous workman's hand.
O Rocks, thou art His pride!
Who clad ye with a robe of moss,
Your mighty forms, so hard and gross,
From 'twixt which springs do flow?
Who drew from 'twixt ye, sparkling streams,
Whose pure forms shine like heavenly gleams,
While on their way they go?
Who placed ye in Niagara's deep,
To cause the waves to dash and leap,
And make that mighty roar?
Who used ye, when her fall He made,
And when her mighty banks He laid,
Which tower above the shore?
Who placed in ye the distant year,
In which He caused ye to appear,
And when this world He made?
Who placed man here, that year, to find?
And to it many a noble mind
Has much attention paid.

O Mountains! who laid your great foundation,
And stood ye here before a nation,
With giant forms so high?
Who placed upon your heads such horns,
So sharp and tall, like mighty thorns,
Which nearly reach the sky?
Who placed on ye that robe of green,
The finest that was ever seen,
Whose color does ne'er fade?
That shields your natives from man's sight;
And is the songster's home at night,
Within its mighty shade.
Who capped your barren heads with snow,
And placed man here, up ye to go,
And wonder when ye came?
Who gave to him that great desire,
Which burns within him like a fire?
'Twas He who did ye name.

O Plain! who laid thy wide foundation,
And placed ye here before a nation,
So level and so green?
Who oft does cast on thee a light,
Which is so mighty and so bright?
No finer e'er was seen.
Who clads thy green robe o'er with white,
A substance feathery and light,
When winter does appear?
Whose breath does pass it all away,

And leaves thy robe so fresh and gay?
'Tis but thy Maker's tear.
Who made man, to of thy form take
A portion, and upon it make
A house in which to dwell?
Who made him also for to toil
Upon thy level, mellow soil,
And of its value tell?
Who made so many flocks and herds,
Gay horses and all sorts of birds,
To feed and nest on thee?
Who gave thee such a cheerful part?
'Twould light with joy the saddest heart,
Upon thy form to be.

O Ocean! who made thy mighty basin,
And placed in it, for many a nation,
Thy form so deep and wide?
Who made man to upon thee sail?
Who placed in thee the shark and whale?
O Ocean, thou art His pride!
Who lined thy basin all with sand;
With whose breath is thy huge form fanned,
Which makes thee dash and roar?
How many lie beneath thy deep,
Who there beneath thy huge form sleep,
Far from their native shore?
Who was so wise as thee to make,
Of brine for all on this world's sake,

So's thou could ne'er freeze o'er?
Whose wisdom great did plainly see,
That if not so, quite bad 'twould be
For all on every shore?
Who placed in thee green isles so small,
Which often to some criminals fall,
A portion of their lot?
Who made some to there much joy take,
And of those isles sweet havens make,
And others who do not?

O Niagara! who made thy mighty route,
And placed thee there to roam about,
The wonders of the world?
Who made its first part smooth and mild;
Then on a bit so fierce and wild,
And o'er a fall thou art hurled?
Who calms thee, after this great fright,
To glide along so smooth and light,
Till where man's work is strung?
Who guides thee on so fierce, not cool
Until thou reachest a mighty pool,
Where thou art whirled and flung?
Who in thy mighty route did lay,
O'er which thy waters dash and play,
What might be called His arm?
Who after this made it so wild;
Then on a bit so smooth and mild,
Where man may meet no harm?

Who, after this part thou'st passed o'er,
Leads thee to wash Ontario's shore,
  And through her deep to roam?
Who, after through much thou hast passed,
Leads thee to a far deep at last,
  Which is thy ocean home?
Who placed in thee, above thy fall,
An island which surpasses all
  In beauty, on and near?
There many people visits make,
And many there their lives do take,
  While others shrink with fear.
Who fenced thee well, below thy fall,
With banks so mighty and so tall,
  Which tower towards the sky?
Who clad Dominion's side with green,
The finest that was ever seen
  By any human eye?
Who in thee many fish did place,
And all such creatures of that race
  Which 'neath thy waves do dwell?
Who made man to machinery make,
And many of thy natives take,
  And in the country sell?

O Rocks! 'twas God that made ye all;
That placed ye in Niagara's fall,
  And in her banks so high.
'Twas He who did ye Mountains make,

There's no one else that praise to take,
Save that Power in the sky.
He made thee, Plain, so green and wide;
He made thee, Ocean; thou art his pride;
And man to on thee sail.
He lined thy basin all with sand;
With His breath thy huge form is fanned;
He placed in thee the whale.
He made those isles which in thee lay—
High mountain tops they are, some say—
Which sunk beneath thy deep.
If so, 'twas sad, for those who on
That land for long ago, they're gone
Beneath thy form to sleep.

O Niagara! 'twas God that made thy route,
And placed thee there to roam about,
The wonders of the world.
'Twas He who made its first part mild;
'Twas He who made its next part wild,
And the fall o'er which thou art hurled.
'Tis He who leads thee from that fright
Into a part which He made bright,
'Till where man's work is strung.
From here He makes thy flow uncool;
'Twas He who made that mighty pool,
Where thou art whirled and flung.
'Twas He who in thy route did lay,
O'er which thy waters dash and play,

An image of His arm.
'Twas He who made thy route then wild,
Then on a bit so smooth and mild,
Where man sails free from harm.
'Tis He who, when thy route is o'er,
Leads thee to wash Ontario's shore,
And through her deep to roam.
'Tis He, when through much thou hast passed,
Who leads thee to a deep at last,
Which is thy ocean home.
'Twas He who placed above thy fall
That island which surpasses all
In beauty, on and near.
'Tis He who calls some there to take
Their lives, and others there to shake
And turn away with fear.
'Twas He who placed upon thy shores,
'Long which thy deep form dashes and roars,
Those mighty banks so high.
He clad Dominion's side with green,
The finest that was ever seen
By any human eye.
'Twas He who in thee fish did place,
And all such creatures of that race,
Which 'neath thy waves do dwell.
'Twas He, also, who all men made,
And some of them to take the trade,
Thy natives to catch and sell.

He made with ye, who I've addressed,
This mighty world, which is the best,
  Of which ye are a part.
He made a queen o'er all to rule,
And man to learn in her wide school
  The lesson great of art.
This queen does promptly her part take,
And all the flesh and blood here make,
  And He sends forth the breath.
When by the laws He down did lay
They're caused together not to stay,
  They part, and that's called death.
This earthly queen does her part take,
And by her Master's laws does make
  It what it was before.
The Master takes his part away,
To His wide home, where it shall stay,
  Far on a sunny shore.
He made the sun that shines so bright;
He makes the moon reflect a light,
  Which she gets from the sun.
He placed a sentinel in the north,
Which all at night may see from earth;
  Such work man 'as ne'er begun!
He made the hosts above so bright,
Which may be seen by all at night,
  And clouds which oft them hide.
He made a far, far brighter land,
Which is by odorous breezes fanned,

And is his greatest pride.
But amidst his work that man doth see,
That is before his view here free,
And doth him to it call;
He must declare that in thy route,
Along thy banks, and all about
Niagara, thou passest all!

YOUNG ARDEN'S DREAM.

VACATION days had come once more,
Our study for a while was o'er.
A schoolmate asked me for to take,
A trip with him to Champlain Lake;
Much pleased I was with his request,
And that to him I did suggest,
I did intend my home to see,
But that to this was naught to me;
For sporting I had never been,
Since I had come to dwell with men.
So, after we had but a day
Prepared, we started on our way,
Which we, by boat and rail did take,
Until we reached old Champlain Lake.
Then in a forest deep and wide,
Which might been called dear Nature's pride,
And which was not far from the lake,
A camping spot we there did take;
And placed a tent there all alone,
Which was to me like a king's home
Among the natives wild and fair.
Oh, happy I was that joy to share!

But, with my friend 'twas not the same;
Enjoyment seemed far from his aim;
For when we reached that handsome lake
His face grew sad, and his nerves did shake;
And in place of looking like one who had came
To view a scene of joy and fame,
He looked like one who had come to bend
O'er the grassy mound of a buried friend.

But soon that sad look passed away,
And a pleasant smile did o'er his face stray;
He seemed to enjoy a ride on the lake,
And in the forest much pleasure take.
But again that dark cloud did on him fall,
Which turned that spark of glory to gall;
Thus on, his days were part dark and part light,
Some hours were cloudy, and some were bright.
That pleasant resort was oft a gay home,
And oft he did long from it to roam.
What was the cause I could not tell,
And a thought of it being his way, on me fell;
So little attention to it did I pay,
And loitered with pleasure about there each day.
But, after we'd been there just one week or more,
And our fruitless sports for a day were o'er,
We returned to our camp near the presence of night,
With spirits heavy, in place of light.
Wearied we were with the tramp of the day,

And not the least spoil our labor to pay;
Without making supper or even a light,
We retired to our couches for rest that night.
Not long after, there was I awake,
My mind a wandering thought did take,
And from our camp did wander away,
Where night was changed to a cloudy day.
It pictured to me that I did stand
Afar from there in a different land,
On a dark, flowing river's sandy shore,
And bewildered I was by its mighty roar.
The clouds were heavy that clouded the sky;
The banks that fenced that river were high,
And thickly clothed by cedar green.
Oh, finer was never by man's eye seen!
I looked for a way to ascend to the top,
But found there was none; on the shore I must stop;
I turned around with a pitiful sigh,
And on the shore, near me, a boat did lie.
I passed to that boat, and by using the oar
Passed quite lightly from the shore;
I thought by so doing I might find a way
Which would lead me from that cloudy day.
As I passed along the clouds darker grew,
And the waves wildly roared, which my boat passed through.
In the clouds, to the left, there came a light,
Which lit the waves to a sunny bright;
And in an instant there came a roar,

Which rung like a cannon, from shore to shore.
Then there came from the shore, crossed from which I did stand,
A stream of blood, like a spring from the land;
Which followed my boat with a moaning roar,
And painted blood red, both it and the oar.
I gazed on it with a trembling eye;
I was frightened, I neither could wonder nor sigh.
I dipped my hand into that foaming bed,
And it painted me to the elbow, red.
Ah, fierce and wild was the roar!
My boat was encircled there, far from the shore,
By a foaming wreath of boiling blood.
Ah, it was worse than the scenes of the flood!
I, quivering, tried to work my oar,
But found I never could reach the shore;
The angry waves my boat did shake,
And it they were sinking, when I did awake.

I gazed in the dark with a wondering eye;
To find where I was, I much did try,
I called to my friend, but he was asleep;
So not to disturb him, I still did keep.
I closed my eyes to sleep again,
But found I could not on account of pain;
Which that terrible dream had left on me,
By showing me in it, what I did see.
That dark, cloudy day was yet in my view,
I could not believe that what I saw wa'n't true;

When I thought of that blood stream, my flesh seemed to shake,
And the terror I was in, when I did awake.

But while thus in wonder, I saw through our camp
A brilliant light, like the light of a lamp.
I quickly arose and went to the door,
And what did I meet but the sun once more.
I called to my friend, and he arose,
Stretched himself, gaping, and brushed off his clothes.
We quickly made breakfast, and of it did take,
And then prepared for a ride on the lake;
When we were prepared, and had gone part way
To the lake, a strange look did o'er his face stray.
He halted a moment and said: "You go on,"
And I to the camp will not long be gone."
That I did, and on reaching the lake,
Prepared the boat our ride to take;
And in a short time he reached there, as he said,
With a face resembling that of the dead.
I asked him what he had there forgot,
For which he returned, but tell me he'd not.
So we entered the boat, and on that wide lake
Sailed lightly off, a fine ride to take;
While, on our route he none did speak,
Yet little of that, for him, did I think.
When we had gone quite far on the lake,
A seat at the edge of the boat he did take;

He then looked at me, with a frightening eye;
He placed his hand in his pocket nigh;
From it a revolver he quickly drew,
And with its sure contents his head pierced through,
And fell, a lifeless form, into the lake,
And, by doing so, gave the boat a shake,
Which nearly caused it to discharge me
Into that deep and watery sea.

Much frightened I was when I gained my feet,
And found myself there safe on the seat;
I looked at the way down which my friend passed,
And saw that my dream was interpreted at last.
Around my boat that deep-flowing flood
Was colored much with my comrade's blood;
Though not quite so fierce as it was in my dream,
Very much like it to me it did seem.
I scarcely knew the way to take,
To reach the shore of that mighty lake;
I sat there alone on that moving deep;
To relieve my feelings, I could not weep.
But, in spite of it all, I soon used the oar,
And passed from the spot of that scene to the shore;
From there to our camp I quickly returned,
While a fire of wonder in my heart burned,
I searched the clothes which my friend left there,
And his satchel's contents, with wonder and care;
I longed the cause of his deed to know,

But naught could I find that would it to me show.
So from there to the city I soon returned,
While that wondering fire in my bosom burned;
I informed his friends of what he had done;
No mystery seemed through their minds to run;
For it was love that caused him his life to take,
And 'was for that that he went to that lake,
And took me there; though sad it does seem,
It has proven to me the truth of a dream.

THE UNKNOWN FORTUNE.

On a farm in Old England there once did dwell,
The son of a lord, whose name was Tell.
He was of his father, the younger heir;
So his brother received the greater share
Of his father's estate; yet his father had saved
From his income through life to buy what his son craved,
Which was that fine farm, which he made his son's own;
And which was, to him, a desirable home.
He married a lass who was of high birth;
He made her the queen of his pleasures of earth;
They became the parents of but one child,
On whom their love was constantly piled.
They christened him John; and, when he up grew,
Sent him to school, where he much passed through.
He became quite learned, and different from most,
For he would not mingle with the host
Of lads who were seeking for mischief each day,
To amuse themselves thus and pass time away.
He loved that fine farm on which stood his home;
He loved o'er its green-spreading meadows to roam;

He oft was seen using the sickle or plow,
While the large, briny sweat-drops stood thick on his brow.
He had no desire for lordship or fame,
But strongly did cling to a brave, honest name;
He looked on the character, not on the dress.
Ah! with those good ideas the Lord did him bless.
Now there stood on a lot, not far from his home,
A small but neat cot which a peasant did own;
The lot was not his, but he of a lord
To hire it each year could quite well afford.
His family was small, but two girls and one boy,
Who filled his small cottage with pleasure and joy;
They helped him in tilling his small rented lot,
And supplying with needies their home, that small cot.
The girls were quite handsome, and high-bred young John
Became known by the eldest, whom he much love placed on.
All called her young Mary, the poor peasant girl;
His high friends, about her, did sport on him hurl.
But the more he thought of her, for them he cared not;
He said she was virtuous, if humble her lot.
He cared not a farthing for money or pride,
But declared that that true lass should yet be his bride.

But his parents and friends did tease him each day,
And declared that he must throw such ill thoughts
away;
For a lord's only daughter did long him to wed,
Whose father's estate was mighty, they said.
But that made no difference, for John had his plans,
Which could be bought neither by money nor
lands.
To get rid of their teasing, he left England's shore,
By working his passage to America o'er;
He made known to Mary before he came away,
That his bride she must be upon some future day.
To that she agreed, and he said he would bend
In this land over labor till he for her could send;
For he had not a cent when he left his home there,
Not even enough for to pay his own fare.
For he climb from his gay chamber window at night,
And wandered away through the silvery moonlight;
His parents and friends knew not where he'd gone,
While he, on the ocean, did bravely dash on.
He, soon safe from danger, did reach this far land,
In the wide home of Freedom quite happy did stand;
In old New York City he labor soon found,
For four years himself he to labor there bound.
When that time had passed he longed much to go
Where he could be boss of the boat he did row.
In New York, 'midst the woodlands, a farm he him
bought;
Near it ran a creek, but on it was no cot.

Since the boat he did row, was now all his own,
He slashed down the timber and built him a home.
It was planned by himself, and by sound logs was made,
In the warm month of June, 'neath two large maple's shade.
On a beautiful spot of high sloping land,
Not far from the creek, 'midst the stumps it did stand;
Inside was a fireplace made by him, of stone;
He too made the furniture which it did own.
He then sent for Mary, and made her his bride,
And of that farm and cabin, she was the true pride.
She helped him to burn stumps and clear up his land;
Soon cleared was the spot where that log cot did stand.
He built him a stable to shelter his team;
Ah! that brave young hero deserved much esteem.
When winter did come, they dwelt there alone,
Such a happy fireside, no king did e'er own.
From that snow-covered clearing the smoke did curl high,
From the rustic made chimney which towered t'wards the sky.
When spring-time did come, they broke up their land;
A-toiling each day, on their farm they did stand.

By laboring thus, onto it they bought more,
Until they, at last, owned to the creek's shore.
While laboring thus on, God to them did send
Two boys and a girl, who on did depend
For their worldly support that new broke-up farm,
Which was, to the eyes of the best judge, a charm.
They named them, three, William, Mary and James,
Which were their dearest relatives' names.
They brought them up proper, and sent them to school,
And to teach them the lesson of truth was their rule.
They soon grew up large, and loved that fine home,
And soon thrice as much their father did own.
Soon, attached to that cabin, upon that fine farm,
Stood a lofty farm house, and near it a fine barn;
And something that paid more and was finer still,
Which was run by the creek, and that was a saw-mill;
Which helped him to buy all his needies of earth,
And pile many guineas 'neath his cabin's stone hearth.
He furnished the house to suit his dear wife,
Who assisted him much in his new starting life.
She and her daughter arranged it with care,
And made its white walls look tidy and fair.
The boys helped him much with his mill and his farm;
They stored his large crops within his fine barn.

They all lived quite happy, exempt from all strife,
Till was taken from them the mother and wife.
They now were unhappy, their dear one was gone,
But they saw that their work must be carried on;
And, as Mary could not do the house-work alone,
They hired a fine maid to assist in that home.
All went on pleasant for quite a long while,
Till the eldest boy, William, the peace there did spoil
By falling in love with that servant girl, Ann,
And declaring he, to her, would be a true man.
The father said nothing, for he left his home
When a boy, so that he might a peasant girl own.
He knew that young William was far more like him
Than either his other two, Mary or Jim;
For they were both haughty, and William was not;
He respected a mansion no more than a cot.
For he said that from many a dark hut there'd came,
A soul that made, through life, a wide-spreading fame.
But Mary and James would mind nothing he said;
They declared naught but folly did dwell in his head.
And when he took Annie, they teased him each day,
Until they thus wickedly drove him away;
And tired of that land, poor Will thought it best
For him and his dear bride to flee to the West.

So, with but some earnings they started away,
Declaring their home they would make there, and
stay.
The father said nothing, but let them go on.
He prayed to his dear wife, who from him had
gone,
To make their path bright, and they, on some day,
Should own the fine farm from which they did
stray;
For besides it, increasing beneath his stone-hearth,
Was a fortune which no other soul knew on earth.
But on reaching the West they picked up a wet
home,
Which most of the inmates of Michigan own.
They dwelt there awhile, and were given a boy,
Who was, in that far land, their only true joy.
They named that boy after his grandfather, John,
Whom they had not heard from since they had been
gone.
In trouble they were; yes, too much to write,
In that sad, lonely land, with the water to fight;
But after they'd named that gay little lad,
They wrote to poor granpa, to make him feel glad
Concerning the gift that was given to them;
But the letter was hidden from granpa, by Jim.
And, as no answer came, poor William felt sad,
And declared that the next time he wrote he'd be
glad.

But the father knew that not, and thought it quite mean,
That he not a letter from William had seen.
And Mary and James did to him declare
That William a farthing for him did not care;
But that he thought strange, and that something was wrong,
He told them, and clung to it bravely and strong.
But as no letters came, he gave up his thought,
And concerning the cause he was heard to say naught.
So time passed along, and Mary got wed
To a fine English lad, of high birth, they said.
They both on a tour to Old England did go,
And returned to her father's, unfolding much show.
Her father said nothing, but let them thus flam;
He knew that that gay lad was naught but a sham.
He prayed and he hoped that from Will he might hear;
And a telegram came in less than a year,
Which told him that William and Ann were both dead;
By a fever 'twas caused, the telegram said.
And the father, with some means to do them his best,
Immediately started alone for the West.
He found a wet country where but few could dwell;
'Twas awful to live there, he sadly did tell.

He found there his namesake, a bright little boy,
Who lit his poor grandfather's sad heart with joy ;
And the only relation to stay at that home
Was Ann's only sister, who from New York come
With limited means, to bury them there,
And return with her nephew, for whom she must care.
But the father took hold and bought coffins fine,
With some guineas he drew from his secret gold mine.
He brought them both home, and buried them there
By the side of his wife, in a cemetery fair ;
And Ann's only sister and dear little John,
His son's only child, whom he much love placed on,
He brought to the humble home hired by that aunt,
And a small little income he to them did grant ;
Which his children knew not, for that small sum he drew
From the fine mine of gold of which no one knew.
Supported that way, they there quiet did dwell,
Until to the lot of the auntie there fell
An elderly man with considerable gold,
Who thought her his equal, and so to her told,
And begged on her earnestly to be his wife,
And lighten his path through the rest of his life,
Which she willingly did ; and taking young John,
Who now to quite a large boy had grown,
Went with her husband afar to the West,
Where he did the most of his money invest.

The old man felt sad when he heard she had gone,
And much sadder still when he heard she'd took John.
He wished he had brought them both straight to his home,
In place of permitting them to dwell alone,
As he wrongly then did; and afar they did flee,
To a land where young Johnnie he might no more see;
For it was near a city, quite far in the West,
Where many declared health was not the best.
But it could not be helped, so the old man each day
Thought sadly o'er it, while his dark locks grew gray.
He wrote to that land, and as no answer came
He feared he knew not the right village or name;
And declared he, himself, in a few months would flee
To that land in the West, and his dear grandson see.
But the time passed along, and the old man grew ill,
Yet hopes of there going did dwell in him still;
While he patiently watched for John's auntie to write,
For he thought when she settled that do so she might.
But as not a line came, his locks faster grew
White, by a frost which did ne'er turn to dew;

And the furrows of time grew deep in his brow,
And his once erect form was inclined much to bow;
For the troubles of late had more on him worn
Than the work that he did his much wealth to earn.
John's aunt was now settled within her far home,
Where she dwelt with her husband and nephew alone.
To her aged old friend she wrote not a line,
For she now wished no more from his secret gold-mine;
And she feared, if he knew to the place she had gone,
That from his far home he would quickly come on
And take from her home dear Johnnie away,
Without whom, on earth she never could stay.
So time passed along, while the old man hoped still
To recover quite soon from his spell, which was ill,
And flee to the West and his dear grandson find,
To whom he before did his aged heart bind;
But in place of recovering he feebler did grow,
And from him the hopes of that visit did go.
And after some years, which brought many a sigh
Accompanied by illness, had slowly passed by,
A letter did come from a far Western land,
Which showed him the work of his dear grandson's hand;
And lit his sad bosom with more than much joy,
And made him as gay as he was when a boy.

It told him his grandson was now all alone;
His aunt was now dead, so with her he'd no home.
Her husband had married and gone far away,
And he, as an apprentice, in a workshop did stay,
In the State of Iowa, at Trenton, alone,
Where he'd naught but strangers to give him a home.
Yet happy he was there, a-learning his trade,
For he knew that with it much gold could be made,
If it he learned well, and to a man grew,
Though much was before him yet to go through.
He longed for his granpa to send him a line,
To cheer him, while spending in labor his time;
The old man so did, and a guinea or two
Accompanied the letter, to help Johnnie through.
He told him he shortly a visit would make
Him, and John o'er it much pleasure did take.
His children were mad 'cause John's line pleased him so,
And told him, to that land he ought not to go.
The old man said nothing, but made up his mind
That soon in John's presence the lad would him find.
When they saw him determined they lowly did say,
'Twas foolish they stole not that letter away.
But now they would watch, and if any more came,
To destroy them at once would be their true aim.
The old man knew nothing of what they had said,
A thought that they'd do so ne'er passed through his head;

The crime they committed some few years ago,
By stealing Will's letter, he yet did not know.
So he rested with patience, and made up his mind
That, before in the West young John would him find,
A will he would make, which would give John his share,
And leave in the hands of his counselor there;
And then, if he died while afar in that land,
Young John independent on life's stage would stand.
So he thought it all o'er, and on one coming day
Declared that quite early he'd be on his way;
But before that time came, by the work of his head,
A blood-vessel broke, and the morn found him dead.
His gay home was decked with crape high and low,
Naught but much sorrow its inmates did show;
Yet their happiest hour had arrived now at last,
When the owner and father from that home had passed.
They now could go on and have their own way.
Soon by dear Mary the father did lay;
The mournings passed off, and much glory came on,
While watching each day for poor granpa, was John.
But as granpa came not, and no more letters came,
Poor John saw his watching was truly in vain,

And sent a kind line to see why he came not,
For something was wrong, the friendless child thought.
But the line was destroyed and no answer came,
For to hold all the property was the true aim
Of his selfish relations, who cared for him not,
And thought that the property to be their's ought.
They searched the house thoroughly to find his much gold,
Or papers which would to them where it was, told;
They searched, too, the records and banks of the land,
But where he had put it none could understand.
They knew not to look 'neath his cabin's hearth-stone,
Where lay twice as much as the farm he did own.
With the farm and its contents they proudly went on,
And declared not a penny should e'er go to John,
Who was sorrowfully waiting; and as no answer came
To his line, he declared he would make it his aim,
When his long hoped-for days of vacation came round,
To go, and the mystery by him would be found,
To his grandfather's home, in the East far away,
And there spend, with granpa, a fine welcome stay.

For the guineas he had yet, which granpa did send,
And declared that he, for that would freely them spend.
So time passed along, while he labored each day,
A-watching for granpa, who at rest did lay;
And, as granpa came not, and vacation did come,
Young John started soon for his granpa's far home,
Which he soon nearly reached, and on foot then did stray,
'Till he reached that home from which granpa passed away,
And was coolly received by his relatives there,
Who much less than nothing for young John did care.
They were busily preparing for that coming night,
To have a fine time of much joy and delight;
For Aunt Mary's daughter was thirteen years old,
Which had to their dearest friends lately been told,
With a kind invitation for them all to come,
And with them on that night partake of much fun.
They told John his granpa had died long ago,
And John, there before them, much sorrow did show.
With his laboring attire, too humble was he
That night for the friends of his gay kin to see;
So they gave him some supper and pushed him aside,
From his granpa's gay mansion, so roomy and wide,

Into the log cabin, which yet did stand there,
And for which they now not a farthing did care;
For they knew not the value that lay 'neath its hearth,
Which was more than all that they held now on earth.
That night all alone, while the pleasure went on,
On a couch in the cabin did lie lonely John;
On the old, rustic mantle, a candle did stand,
Which showed him the work of his grandfather's hand,
By casting its dim light about the rough wall,
And letting it soft on the furniture fall,
Which was made by John's granpa, to furnish that cot,
With limbs, when a lad, from his then wooded lot.
The room stood the same as 'twas 'ranged long ago,
Its old-fashioned style there much neatness did show;
The carpet was made by his grandmother's hand,
Of wool, spun and wove by her in this land;
And the tick of the couch on which John did lay
Was brought from her home when she came far away,
And the candlestick, too, was brought from her home,
Which granpa prized more than all things he did own.
Young John there with sadness did gaze on it all,
Such an old-fashioned scene did ne'er before fall,

To the tear-filled blue eyes of that sad-hearted boy,
Who, if granpa'd been with him, would viewed
it with joy.
But as granpa was gone, and it was his first home
That he built when a lad, in this far land alone,
A dark cloud of sadness did there on him fall,
Which turned all his childish amusement to gall;
And he longed he was once more afar in the West,
For there among strangers he felt far the best.
But the sweet strains of music did soon reach his ear,
Which came from the palace adjoining so near,
Into that lone cabin, and banished the weep
Of that sad, lonely child, and he soon fell asleep,
And quietly slept while the music went on,
A-dreaming of granpa who from there had gone;
'Till the music had ceased and a late hour was nigh,
He was caused by a strange sound to open his eye,
And, wondering, gaze t'wards the opposite wall,
From which that strange sound did on his ear fall,
And what did he see but the old rustic door,
Which had not been opened in long years before,
And which was nailed up by his grandfather's
hand
Some long time ago, when he was in this land,
Open quite wide, and a strange man stand there,
That held a bright light, and had white beard and
hair.
He paused there a moment, then slowly walked in,
His right hand a-using, to help him, a cane;

His form was much bent, and his brow furrowed deep,
But his eye yet the brightness of when young did keep;
While he looked at young John, as he quivering lay,
Then advancing towards him, did earnestly say,
"Arise now, my lad, fear nothing on earth,
Come, take your huge fortune from 'neath this stone hearth,
And let your proud relatives in this land see,
Out of all of my earnings they've not cheated ye;
And that placing ye here all alone, on this night,
Has directed ye into a way ever bright."
While the phantom thus spoke young John there alone
Found that his senses were now not his own;
And from that lone couch on which he did lay
Arose in the room, which was lit light as day,
And following the phantom close to the stone hearth,
Where lay more than half granpa earned while on earth,
And kneeling down gently, with strength not his own,
Took from its position that heavy hearth-stone.
And what stood beneath but an earthen jar tall,
Which out of its place he quickly did pull,
And then looking up, after having so done,
Saw that the light and the phantom had gone.

He now was alone in the dim candle light,
That power passed away, and on him did come fright.
He wondering gazed on the old rustic door,
Which looked just the same on that evening before;
For the nails which there held it were full yet as tight
As they were in the earlier part of the night;
And the old iron bolt did hold just the same,
As it did short before that strange phantom passed in;
But while thus in wonder he soon plainly seen
That the ghost of his granpa that phantom must been;
And by what it said, that jar must contain
Within its dimensions quite a gold mine;
So he lifted the top, while his thoughts thus him told,
And viewing that jar to the brim full of gold,
Saw plain, as the phantom had told him while there,
His troubles on this world were now nearly o'er;
For his best friend was by him, who ever would stay
As long as with it a true part he did play;
And for his relations he now need not care,
For of granpa's hard earnings here was his full share.
He sat there alone, in the dim candle light,
And gazed on his fortune of guineas so bright;

The cock loudly crowed, and he feared day was
nigh,
To replace the large hearth-stone he quickly did
try,
Which he barely accomplished; and then did unfold
A small leather satchel, his fortune to hold,
Which he brought with his clothing, afar from the
West,
Not thinking that burden with it would be blessed,
Which it barely did hold; and he prepared right
To leave that lone cabin, extinguished the light,
And opening the door, through which he passed in,
Took with him more wealth than possessed all his
kin.
He soon reached the station with steps light as air,
Though frail, he that burden with pleasure did bear;
With the air of a king he mounted the train,
Which bore him afar, to his labor again.
With money sufficient the workshop to buy,
In which to be something he anxious did try.
His friends, who that morning rose after the sun,
Did wonder but little where their kin had gone;
They hoped he would never again there return,
For fear, he concerning that fine home should learn,
That a portion of it, by law, was his own,
With a share of all treasures about that fine home.
They knew not the fortune he with him did take,
When he, through the dark, for the station did
make,

While they lay reposing, worn out by much joy,
A-dreaming but little of that lonely boy,
Who, after a few days, was far in the West,
The large fortune with him, with which he was blessed.
And, after a few years in prosper he shown,
When he'd learned his trade and the shop he did own,
In which of his gold he a share did invest.
Ah! wide were the pleasures of John in the West.
His kin read the papers but thought it not he,
Where he had received so much they could not see;
They knew not how granpa appeared on that night
While they lay reposing, worn out by delight,
And calling that sad, lonely child to the hearth,
Where lay more than half granpa earned while on earth,
Showed him a fortune there, which was his own,
And which gave him thrift in his western home;
And by it his relatives might plainly see,
Out of all granpa's earnings they've not cheated he;
And that placing him there all alone on that night,
Paved but for his future a way ever bright.

SONGS.

TURNER ON THE HILL,

OR

The Lament of an Old Maid.

ALTHOUGH my locks are turning gray,
And I am often ill,
I never can forget the days
Of Turner on the hill.
He lived within a mansion wide,
That stood beside the way,
Where I have herded father's flock
On many a summer day.

His father was a wealthy lord,
A man of over pride;
And he could give his handsome son
A gallant steed to ride,
On which he often passed along
While I was at my play,
And often he would stop and chat
Upon a pleasant day.

My father was a shepherd poor,
Who owned a little cot,
That stood beside a lofty hill,
Upon a pleasant lot.
A little streamlet by its door
Did wander all the day,
A-laughing as it gently passed
Upon its ocean way.

I was the youngest of a pleasant
Flock of daughters three,
And in the land of Talacone,
No finer could there be.
My sisters worked for wealthy lords,
While I remained at home,
And o'er the hills and many fields
With father's flock did roam.

It was upon one pleasant day,
When I was on the hill,
A-sitting by the very spring
From which did start the rill,
When that gay lad did come along,
A-sporting on his way,
And asked me to become his bride
Upon some future day.

I cast on him an angry look,
And told him to be still,
For I would never be the bride
Of Turner on the hill.
Although he was a rich lord's son,
For that I then cared not,
And would not have given for his gay home,
My father's little cot.

I loved our pleasant little home,
Where peace alone did dwell;
And all the joys that I've there spent,
By words I ne'er can tell.
Yet often there would be an hour,
Which then to me was ill,
When I was hiding from the sight
Of Turner on the hill.

When I would start with father's flock
To herd them through the day,
He always seemed to be quite sure
To meet me on my way;
And when I'd reached their feeding grounds,
And was seated by a tree,
He always sought a pleasant seat
From which he could see me.

When to a close the day drew nigh,
I with my flock would go
Adown a hill to a crystal stream,
Whose tide did swiftly flow;
While there he'd watch me from his hill,
Which towered above the brink,
As I took the lambies one by one
And carried them to drink.

Thus on the years rolled speedily by,
While he did love me still,
And longed that I should be the queen
Of his home on the hill.
His father now had passed away,
And he the only heir,
Said that I should be of his estate
The mistress of its care.

But that did serve to win me not,
For I did spurn him still,
And yet declared I ne'er would marry
Turner on the hill;
I told his friends he need not wait
For me to be his bride,
For, to such an overbearing lad
I never could be tied.

But none did his love for me cease,
Until, upon one day,
A rich lord wed my sister Mag,
And I was called away,
To visit her before she made
Her trip acros't the sea,
For in that far land she was to dwell,
And might ne'er more see me.

Now, while I from my home had gone,
And from the laughing rill,
And from the everlasting sight
Of Turner on the hill,
A shepherd poor, whose flock was small,
Bought of that lad a lot,
On which he quickly made his home
By putting up a cot.

He was the father of a daughter
Finer yet than me,
And true it must have been, for more
In her did Turner see;
He soon made known to her his love,
Which was as soon returned,
And ere a day passed by, that lad
A handsome bride had earned.

Now, while I at the mansion gay,
In which our Mag was wed,
Saw her in all her joy and pride,
I to myself then said:
Mag has done well to marry rich,
But better I'll do still,
For I will marry that gay lad,
Young Turner on the hill.

'Twas him I always had disliked,
Yes, always, until now,
When I did see our Mag so gay,
And made a solemn vow,
That I his happy bride would be,
And gayer than Mag still,
Would I then be, when I was wed
To Turner on the hill.

Made happy thus by these bright thoughts
While in that mansion gay,
I sported through its many halls
A singing all the day,
Of all my joys that were to come,
Far more, yes, than my fill,
Would there be when I was the bride
Of Turner on the hill.

Thus pleasant did my visit pass,
And when the appointed day
Arrived on which I was to leave
That mansion wide and gay,
I bade my sister Mag good-by,
And with much joy and pride
Started for our little home
Close by the gay hillside.

While on my way I passed along,
With steps as light as air,
Expecting soon to be the bride
Of Turner young and fair ;
But when I reached the shepherd's path,
That led to the hillside,
A carriage passed along, in which
Was Turner and his bride.

I wondered who that lass could be,
That sat by him so gay,
A-smiling in his youthful face,
While passing by the way.
I did not know that he was wed
Till reaching the hillside,
When my mother asked me if I met
Young Turner and his bride.

I answered her with tear-filled eyes,
For I no more felt gay,
For my hopes of being Turner's bride
Had now all passed away;
I saw quite plain that I must be
Contented with our cot,
For to be the queen I never could,
Of Turner's happy lot.

He once did love me, yes he did,
Far better than that bride,
And well enough I might have been
The gay lass of his pride.
Had I not had that foolish love
For our cot by the rill,
To-day I would have been the queen
Of Turner's lofty hill.

But very true, yes, true it is,
That I that foolish way
Was sure to take, and oft o'er it
I've wept on many a day,
While sitting by our hillside cot,
A-listening to the rill,
And gazing on the mansion wide
That stood on Turner's hill.

But soon my weeping passed away,
For I did plainly see
That the tender of my father's sheep
I cheerfully must be;
So, patiently I stayed by them,
And watched them day by day,
With the interest of a shepherd old,
While they grazed by the way.

Now while I thus was well employed,
The years passed speedily by,
Until there came a time on which
I sit me down to sigh.
My parents both to rest had gone,
And I was left alone
To spend my coming days about
Our little cottage home.

But not long did my days there last
Before I was let know,
That for our little hillside home
My father yet did owe;
And as he now had passed away,
It must be quickly paid;
So, by a sheriff it was sold,
For I could get no aid.

I now was left without a home;
A friend, or penny, too,
To go forth into this wide world,
And its storms battle through;
But that caused me to give up not,
For I had courage still,
And sought for labor, which I found
At Turner's on the hill.

I now was in that mansion gay,
Which might have been my own;
And if it had I would have been
Like a queen on a throne;
So happy! yes, I would have been,
If I had been his bride,
And in my jewels and robes of silk,
I'd flourished by his side.

But that was not to be, 'tis true,
For I, upon that day
Beside the spring, refused to be
The bride of Turner gay;
A little thinking at the time,
While in my joy and pride,
That the servant I was yet to be
Of that young Turner's bride.

Oh ! sad it is, but true it is,
That not at all do we,
While passing through this stormy world,
Know what we're yet to be ;
For many changes are to come,
Which oft turn glory ill,
Just like the change that made me maid,
Of Turner's on the hill.

But not long as a servant in
That mansion did I stay,
For soon across't the roaring sea,
I from it passed away ;
And while I here with sister Mag
Do dwell in wealth and pride,
I often shed a tear because
I failed to be his bride.

Now, lassies dear, a word I have
Which I must to you say,
That is, if you meet such a lad,
Pray do not pause a day ;
For other lassies he may meet
That may be finer still,
And when you want him he'll be wed,
Like Turner on the hill.

RAULLY PHORD AND WILLIE LEE.

OH! oft while working in my cottage,
Days of youth return once more,
And also comes the joy and folly,
Which composed those days of yore.
Our little cottage on the corner
Is once more to my view free,
In which I often spent a Sunday,
Courting there with Willie Lee.

I worked each week within a mansion,
That stood by a pleasant way,
My merry voice rang like a songster's,
While I worked about each day;
My youthful cheek blushed o'er the wash-tub;
No saving thought did dwell in me;
No, none except to purchase fancies,
For to charm young Willie Lee.

My bosom, by a ray of glory,
Was made brighter than the sun;
My eye upon a laddie ne'er looked
But his heart was quickly won.
The suitors flocked around in numbers,
Yet, in them naught could I see,
Except the one who came on Sunday,
And that was gay young Willie Lee.

My sister Sadie was the youngest,
So she at our home did stay;
Young Raully Phord would call to see her,
When he passed from work each day.
His rough attire and homely features,
Though he looked as well as she,
Oft caused me to cast some sport on her,
When I looked at Willie Lee.

Ah, Willie was a gallant fellow!
Strongly built, with hair like gold;
A flowing mustache decked his face, from
Which looked eyes that mischief told;
He dressed in woolen rich and costly;
His jewels did charm the eyes of me.
Ah! happy I was to be courting
Sunday hours with Willie Lee.

Poor Raully was a humble fellow,
With a face burned by the sun,
From which did look two modest brown eyes,
That showed honesty, not fun.
He wore a suit composed of cotton;
No sparkling chain was seen on he;
Yet, in a bank in town might been found,
Thrice the worth of Willie Lee.

Our Sadie thought him rather pleasant,
And longed that she might be his bride;
I spurned her thought, and said she never
Ought to such a lad be tied.
Just look, said I, at gay young Willie!
Would you ever disgrace me,
So much as to take that wood-hewer,
When I can get gay Willie Lee?

You will, said I, be ever dwelling,
In old cottages, here and there,
The god of Raully is but gold, so
Far your work is all he'll care;
Your dressy thoughts will all flee from you,
A slave to that poor wretch you'll be;
While I will sit within my parlor,
Kept in style by Willie Lee.

You want, said I, a gallant fellow,
Who will buy you fancies fine;
Supply you with a shining parlor,
Like that gallant lad of mine.
Oh! never take that humble Raully,
For no style does dwell in he;
Come seek within our town a fellow,
Who will do like Willie Lee.

The eyes of Sadie, while I thus spoke,
Dropped upon our cottage floor,
And when they rose a love for Raully
Dwelt within her heart no more.
The foolish thoughts which I suggested,
She in my same view did see,
And with a love for style and fashion,
Sought a lad like Willie Lee.

She left our cottage on the corner,
And to town for work did go,
Which she did find within a mansion,
And upon the streets a beau.
Within a few weeks we were married,
Yes, both Sadie dear and me;
When Sadie stood by her gay lover
I did stand by Willie Lee.

Into married life we started
With a thought of living high,
But we found ourselves mistaken
Long before a year was by.
Sadie left for some far country,
Where I could no more her see,
And I soon was left a widow
By that false young Willie Lee.

Now my folly was before me,
Who but myself could I blame;
I was maker of our trouble,
So on me did fall much shame.
Humbly I to our cottage
With a broken heart did flee,
From the hovel I was left in
By that false young Willie Lee.

Raully Phord was now a-dwelling
In a cottage by the way,
Which did stand upon a fine farm,
And which is my home to-day.
It he purchased for our Sadie,
Just before she was by me
Caused to leave that honest fellow
And seek one like Willie Lee.

Oh! how sad I felt you know not,
When I on that home did gaze,
And a fire within my bosom,
Kindled by myself, did blaze.
From it flames of wildest terror
To my quivering mind did flee,
When I thought of honest Raully
And that false young Willie Lee.

Oh! had I but hindered Sadie,
For to got him for my own,
I could helped her in her trouble,
And been mistress of that home;
Or had Sadie been the mistress,
That she could have done with me;
Thus thought I while in my sorrow
Left by that false Willie Lee.

But I soon found that my weeping
Would help me none in this land;
So I soon within the mansion
That I left for Lee, did stand.
There I worked with steady patience;
No sweet notes were heard from me,
Like there were when I was courted
By that false young Willie Lee.

But my sorrow soon passed from me,
For upon one pleasant day,
While a-going to our cottage,
I met Raully on the way.
There we stopped and had a short chat;
Into love he fell with me,
And before a year had passed by
I was Mrs. Phord, not Lee.

Now our Sadie was established
In a country far away,
Where she had to earn her living;
Wash for neighbors day by day,
With a drunken man tied to her,
From whom she could not get free,
And a baby in her bosom;
Worse she was than I with Lee,

Sad it made me feel to hear that,
For 'twas I that spoiled her lot;
Had I kept my tongue in its place,
Sadie would have owned Phord's cot.
Though I have it neatly furnished,
And in it no want does stay,
Yet I quickly would exchange it
For a guiltless mind to-day.

Now, young lassies, heed my story,
  And persuade your comrades not,
Though you oft may, by so doing,
  Get yourself a handsome cot.
Yet, if ye have any conscience,
  'Twill be but a curse to ye;
Though I did not for that do it,
  Yet it casts a cloud on me.

CHAINED IN THE FLAMES OF HELL.

MY face it is ghastly; my locks they are gray;
My form is the type of an ill-spent day;
My love for enjoyment is with me no more;
My days of bloom have all passed o'er.
My cheek was once lit with the flush of youth;
My heart was once bound by the chain of truth,
But no more such a story as that can I tell,
After spending years chained in the flames of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

I was born in a home that was free from strife;
I was raised there, and sweet was my youthful life;
There oft I have lingered beside the hearth,
Where I learned from my parents the pleasures of earth.
Long year after year I there happy did stay,
Till a false hand came and led me away;
And different far from what he to me did tell,
He bound me down in the flames of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

It stood on a wide lot back from the way,
I see its brick walls there plainly this day;
The bright flowers that bloomed in front, many did
blind
From seeing the flames that I found behind.
The wide path that led to the large flame-washed
door,
By looks, might have led to a heavenly shore;
And the songster's sweet notes did hide the fierce yell
That was heard by me in the flames of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

Its inmates' faces looked burnt by the flame,
And naught but vile language from their mouths
came;
Their eyes resembled the eyes of a snake,
And when they looked on me my flesh seemed to
shake.
The one who had taken me there as his bride
Opened the doors of the furnace wide,
And, ah! no mortal can ever tell
The sorrow I spent while chained in hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

I was not permitted to visit my home,
Nor was I allowed my dear parents to own ;
Old Satan sat there with a fiery cane,
And me in my sorrow, she over did reign;
Ah ! when I think of that terrible face !
Almighty above, was she one of our race ?
Her nose it was crooked ; her eyes they did tell,
That she was the maker and queen of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

For three long years, yes, long it is true,
I passed each sorrowful day there through ;
But at last God sent me a glimmer of joy,
When He placed in my arms a beautiful boy.
When I looked at that child my heart grew light,
For I saw that my old days might be bright.
That Infant's blue eyes, midst the flames did tell,
That when he grew up he would lead me from hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

I thought that my troubles would soon be o'er,
But in place of that they grew more and more;
I, amidst the flames, o'er the cradle did bend,
For there lay my only hopes of a friend.
Oh! oft when he grew sick, I feared he would die,
And the tear-drops rolled from my flame-scorched
eye;
For I knew if he left me, I never would smell
Naught but the sulphurous smoke of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

Long year after year I watched o'er his bed,
While the flames lashed wildly around his head;
I bathed his brow when he fevered lay,
And prayed to God to not call him away.
I sat there alone long night after night;
I knew if he lived my days would be bright;
I knew I could go forth with joy and tell,
If he reached twenty-one, I was free from hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell!
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

Ah ! hotter it grew, yes, hotter each day,
For its inmates saw I would soon pass away ;
They saw that my wings would soon be free,
To join, with my dear child on this world, and flee.
They saw that my chain would soon be broke,
And his twenty-first year gave it a stroke
Which broke the hold it had on me,
And from hell's fire I again was free.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

I now dwell in peace, with my child alone;
I have on this world a heaven-like home ;
I have for an idol my handsome boy,
Who led me from hell to eternal joy.
My play on life's stage will soon be o'er,
And when I cross to another shore,
And reach heaven's gate, I St. Peter will tell
That I have had my share of hell.
Chained, chained in the flames of hell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
Ah, never by words can a mortal tell !
What I spent while chained in the flames of hell.

AMANDA WILLETT'S COT,

OR

The Lament of an Old Bachelor.

OH, dear me! when I pass along
The Elk and Woodruff way,
There's something there that seems to turn,
My hair from dark to gray.
It stands but little from the way,
Upon a pleasant lot;
By trees and shrubs its walls are veiled,
Amanda Willett's cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! happy would been my lot,
If I had been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

I used to go to school with her
When I was but a boy,
And there together with the rest
We oft have had much joy;
But then she was a servant girl,
Who worked for Deacon Mott,
And little did I think that she
Would own that handsome cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! happy would been my lot,
If I had been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

She was a pleasant acting girl,
With hair as black as jet,
With teeth like ivory, rosy cheeks,
And eyes I'll ne'er forget.
Yet little did I mind her then,
For humble was her lot;
And not at all did I suppose,
That she would own that cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! happy would been my lot,
If I had been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

She used to always choose me first,
When in the class at school,
And why I did not see her love,
Was 'cause I was a fool,
Or else because I was in love
With Net and Minnie May,
Who married poor, and dwell in huts
Beside that very way.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh ! unlucky was my lot,
Or I would been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

They weren't as pleasant girls as her,
No, not at all were they,
And why I sought them when a lad,
I must with sorrow say
Was 'cause their father was a wealthy
Farmer in our town,
Who owned more than them all, except
One called Old Farmer Brown.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh ! unlucky was my lot,
Or I would been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

I always had a love for money,
Yes I did, 'tis true.
And if you'd seen their father's farms,
'Twould been the same with you.
But shortly after I them sought,
He joined with Farmer Brown
Into a banking business, which
Soon caused him to break down.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! unlucky was my lot,
Or I would been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

When that sad thing with him took place,
I for them naught did care,
I would not marry one of them,
And with their troubles share;
So with a love for beauty, I
Amanda Willett sought,
But found that she was poor no more,
And for me did care naught.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! unlucky was my lot,
Or I would been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

Her grandfather, an aged man,
Who dwelt beside that way,
Within that very handsome cot
Which grieves me so this day,
Had died, and in the will he left
Its words I once knew not,
Which said that she the owner was
Of his estate and cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! unlucky was my lot,
Or I would been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

I now felt very sad to think
That I, when but a boy,
Did not accept of that girl's love
And share with her great joy.
Oh! had I but her dear one been,
Contented would been my lot;
And with the glory of a lord,
I'd marched about her cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! contented would been my lot,
If I had been the landlord of
Amanda Willett's cot.

Now, laddies dear, I say to you,
Just heed the words of me,
That is, if you do not desire
Old bachelors to be;
And if you meet with such a lass,
For money do care not,
And you may be the landlord of
Some unexpected cot.

Amanda Willett's cot,
Oh! happy would been my lot,
If I had been the landlord of
That unexpected cot.

OLD ROBERT, THE SAILOR.

NOW friends, as we're together here,
My life to you I'll tell;
It is a strange one, it is true,
Yet you may think it well.
I was born near Lexing village,
On old Massachusetts' shore;
Ah, them happy days that I spent there
I ne'er will meet no more!

In my youth I was a farmer,
With my father on his farm,
And well I loved that pleasant place,
Free from all strife and harm;
But my father caught a fever,
Which soon passed him away,
And my mother wed another man,
With whom I could not stay.

I then did go to William Till's,
A man who I knew well,
And all the joys that I there spent
By words I ne'er can tell;
Till one day through an accident
I spit upon the floor,
And for it his wife chided me,
And I stayed there no more.

I now was sick of that old town,
And it was sick of me,
So very soon I formed a thought
That I would go to sea;
So I started on the winding route
That led to the sea shore,
Declaring on my way, that I
Would see that town no more.

I soon did reach my journey's end,
Close by the roaring sea,
Quite far from that unpleasant town,
With heart quite light and free;
And as I stood upon that spot,
A vow I there did make,
That a voyage on the roaring sea,
For good or bad, I'd take.

Not long was I upon that spot
  Before I got a berth;
And ah, no happier lad than I
  Was ever seen on earth!
And when the vessel started on
  Her route upon the sea,
I felt just like a bird that was
  From its dark cage let free.

We sailed for several days, yes, several
  Days upon the deep,
And when the land passed from our sight
  I felt inclined to weep;
But soon the dark, dark rolling waves
  Became a home to me,
And no more did I long at all
  From that dark home to flee.

I had no friends in that old town
  Which I had left behind,
That were cared for enough by me
  To call them to my mind;
So as the days passed speedily by,
  I cheerfully played my part,
And among them all I was the favorite
  Lad of Captain Martt.

Thus on the time passed cheerfully by,
And the journey seemed quite gay,
Until the clouds rolled up quite dark
Near the close of one calm day;
And long before that night had passed
Our ship was 'neath the sea,
And the only one of us poor lads
That lived through it, was me.

I found myself when morning appeared
On the shore of a lonely isle,
With scarce a stitch to cover my form,
Which was in a death-like style;
The sun was shining very bright,
And the storm had all passed by,
And without a friend, I on that bare isle
Sat down on a knoll to sigh.

I looked afar, far miles away,
Far miles o'er the troubled sea,
And hardly a one could imagined, then,
The sorrow that was on me,
As I sat alone on that lonely isle,
Without a crumb to eat,
And nothing better than starvation
Was I with, there to meet.

For several days, in that desperate way,
I stayed there all alone;
And, oh! how many times while there
I wished I was at my home,
Until upon one sunny morn
I looked afar o'er the sea,
And a vessel was coming towards that isle,
To the great surprise of me.

I now felt very happy, yes,
No happier could I have been,
If I had received the home of a prince,
Than when I that vessel seen;
And when it neared that lonely isle,
I shouted to them with joy,
And happy the captain was to receive
I, then a forsaken boy.

I told them all about the storm
That wrecked our ship that night,
And how I found myself alone
When the sun rose clear and bright;
They knew our vessel as well as their own,
And they hired me as a hand;
And I sailed with them until I grew old,
And returned to my native land.

Now when I die, dear friends, I'll take
A voyage out to sea;
To cross that dark, dark ocean
Will be but joy for me.
I've passed through many a storm at sea;
I've sailed o'er many a wave,
And at last returned to my native land,
Victorious and brave.

STAY WITH ME, JENNIE.

OH, where have you been, Jennie darling?
Where have you been all the night?
Why did you not stay, dearest Jennie,
And my home with your sweet presence light?
Oh, why don't you stay with me, Jennie,
Where the willow boughs droop o'er my door,
And light my lone cot with your presence,
While I do remain on this shore?

Your mother has gone, dearest Jennie;
She has gone to a far brighter home,
To a world free from sorrow and trouble,
And left me on this world alone.
Oh, stay with me, stay with me, Jennie!
Where the roses do bloom by my door,
And light my lone cot with your presence,
While I do remain on this shore!

Oh, why do you long, Jennie darling?
Oh, why do you long, dear, to roam?
Oh, why don't you stay with me, Jennie,
And cheer me in my lonely home?
Oh, stay with me, stay with me, Jennie,
Where the weeping boughs shadow my door!
And light my lone cot with your presence,
While I do remain on this shore!

Oh, sad it does seem, Jennie darling,
When I by my hearth set alone,
And think that my only child Jennie
Is wandering afar from her home!
Oh, stay with me, stay with me, Jennie,
Come, wander from your home no more;
And light my lone cot with your presence,
While I do remain on this shore!

Oh, sad you will feel, dearest Jennie,
When I from this dark world do roam;
To dwell with your mother forever,
Afar in that beautiful home!
Oh, stay with me, stay with me, Jennie,
For my days on this world are most o'er,
And light my lone cot with your presence,
While I do remain on this shore!

OLD HAZZARD AND HIS WIFE.

WITHIN a pleasant little cot
That stood back from the way,
Upon a finely cultured lot,
Where flowers bloomed all the day,
There two companions once did dwell,
Who ne'er knew what was strife;
For cheerful is the tale they tell
Of Hazzard and his wife.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, happy was the life
Of these two merry, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

A hawthorn hedge enclosed that home,
Where happiness did dwell,
And how it got to be their own
Oft have I heard them tell;
It was by laboring day by day
Upon its mellow soil;
In place of trodding o'er the way,
They spent their time in toil.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, industrious was the life
Of these two well-matched, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

Beside the cot, when eve drew nigh,
They'd sit and take their ease,
And often would they draw a sigh
While looking at the trees,
Whose mighty boughs above them hung
To shield them from the dew,
While hosts of songsters in them sung,
Their songs so sweet and true.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, cheerful was the life
Of these two merry, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

Thus, pleasantly the summer passed,
And when the autumn came,
Their harvests were all housed at last,
Safe from the frost and rain.
Their house was snugly stuffed with straw;
Their wood was in the shed;
As if conducted by a law,
All was prepared ahead.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, prosperous was the life
Of these two well-met, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

When winter came, they, thus prepared,
Sat down to take their ease,
And oft I've heard they little cared
For winter's chilling breeze,
Which o'er them blew with cutting drift,
That plastered up their cot,
For none could it destroy the thrift
Of their contented lot.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, contented was the life
Of these two merry, cheerful souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

When winter thus had passed away,
And spring-time come again,
The two companions, day by day,
Did toil and sow their grain;
They labored cheerfully on the lot,
Where their reward did grow,
And decked the soil around their cot
With what they there did sow.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, laborious was the life
Of these two well-matched, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

But happily thus the years rolled past,
While their dark locks grew gray,
And plainly did they see at last,
That short would be their stay;
The winding hill which they had climb,
And on its top did stand,
Now to their feeble eyes grew dim,
As they leaned hand in hand.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, now feeble was the life
Of these two aged, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

Their feeble hands no more could toil
Upon their pleasant lot;
Though sad it seemed, it none did spoil
The pleasures of their cot.
They bore it cheerfully day by day,
While tottering down the hill,
And soon together they did lay
Beside a murmuring rill.

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, eternal is the life
Of these two aged, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

Oh, pleasant may their rest e'er be,
While there alone they sleep;
And thrifty e'er may be the tree,
Whose boughs do o'er them weep!
They played a cheerful part, and passed
From off the stage of life;
Oh, eternally may the pleasures last
Of Hazzard and his wife!

Old Hazzard and his wife!
Oh, eternal is the life
Of these two aged, loving souls,
Old Hazzard and his wife!

MY HOME ON THE HILL.

OH days of my childhood ye've all passed away,
Ye days on old Scotland's green shore;
Ye days which I spent in that land fair and gay,
Ah, ye days which I'll ne'er meet no more!
Oh oft do I think of the hawthorn's sweet shade,
And something that's far sweeter still,
That seems to have been in my heart deeply laid,
And that is my home on the hill!

Oh pleasant it was as it stood there alone,
Where the maple boughs drooped o'er its door,
On that beautiful hill which was called father's own,
Ah, the finest on old Scotland's shore!
The green plain below spread roomy and wide,
Where the flocks there did quietly feed;
And a tall lofty hill towered high at its side,
As if it had sprung from a seed.

In the hawthorn's sweet shade on our mossy-clad hill,
A spring of the purest did flow
Into a large pool from which flowed a rill,
Which adown the green hillside did go
A-rippling merrily all the day long,
While on its far ocean way,
A-singing to me through its rippling, a song,
Yes, a song of my sweet childhood day.

Oh days of my childhood! Oh sweet it was then,
When I sat in our own cottage door,
And gazed o'er the hill on old Uncle Dan,
Who watches his flock there no more!
Long day after day he'd sit on a stone,
While his aged friend lay by his side;
And watch that fine flock which was all he did own,
And o'er which he did oft show much pride.

But poor Uncle Dan, with the rest of my kin,
Has gone to a much brighter home;
To the evergreen fields which his sheep may feed in,
And unharmed be when they o'er them roam.
But I see him this day as plain as I then
Did, while at my home on the hill,
Or on a bright sunny afternoon when
I was sailing my bark in the rill.

Oh home of my childhood, to ruin thou 'ast gone,
Thou once happy home on the hill;
Yet the maples that stood on thy green sloping lawn
May flourish in glory there still.
The spring may as pure as ever yet flow;
The rill may run rippling still;
Yet all of my friends have gone long ago,
Yes, have gone from my home on the hill.

HIS LARGE STONE MANSION ON THE HILL.

SHE, churning by the cottage door,
A-gazing t'wards the east did stand,
The sun had risen 'bove the hill,
And threw his bright rays o'er the land;
The birds were singing loud that morn,
Their merry voices rang clear and shrill
From 'mong the many thrifty trees
Around his mansion on the hill.

Oh handsome was that scene, 'tis true;
No finer ever met the eye,
But though the rays that lit it bright
Brought with them to that maid, a sigh;
For 'twas upon one morn like that,
Which did her modest mind now fill,
When she was asked to be the queen
Of his stone mansion on the hill.

The scene was then the same as now,
That mansion there as gay did stand;
The same fine spruces decked its yard,
And 'neath it lay the sloping land;
West from that mansion stood a cot,
And by it passed a laughing rill,
That wandered from a fountain clear
Beside his mansion on the hill.

'Twas on the sloping land they met,
She held some daisies in her hand;
Her face flushed brighter than the scene,
While listening to him she did stand;
He told her of his mighty wealth,
And of all she should have her fill,
If she would only be the queen
Of his stone mansion on the hill.

But then she just had reached her teens,
And knew the value not of gold;
She heeded no more than the wind
The kind thoughts which he to her told.
She gazed upon her humble home,
Adorned by roses, and the rill,
And said she never would exchange
It for his mansion on the hill.

They parted while the scene was bright;
He to his handsome home did stray,
And she, with steps as light as air,
Did take a narrow beaten way.
Dissatisfied, he reached his home
And viewed her passing by the rill,
And knew he never could adorn
With her his mansion on the hill.

She reached her happy cottage door,
And with a smile gazed o'er the land;
Her face possessed a different look
Than when she later there did stand;
For many years had passed away,
Which did both trouble bring and kill,
In which that lad had found a bride
To grace his mansion on the hill.

The prints of time were on her brow;
Her youth was lost in care and toil;
She knew the value now of gold,
For lack of it her joy did spoil.
Her humble hands went to and fro;
Her ears were listening to the rill,
Which told her how she might have owned
That scene before her on the hill.

The maiden there who did accept
Was straying 'bout its sloping lawn,
Her silken robes adorned by jewels,
Which from her in her youth had gone;
Their brilliant glitter through that morn
Piled on that maid more sorrow still,
For well she might have been, she knew,
The mistress of that handsome hill.

But by the folly of her youth,
  She thought that cot a dearer home
Than his gay mansion on the hill,
  So it was all she longed to own,
She, like most lassies of her age,
  Had thoughts which coming years did kill,
And by them lost, as some do lose,
  His large stone mansion on the hill.

Now, lassies dear, all heed this song,
  And if a wealthy man you meet,
Who asks you to become his bride,
  A satisfying word complete ;
For several years may bring a change,
  Which may make what you love then ill,
And you'll have lost some handsome home
  Like his stone mansion on the hill.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

OLD Leland's woods and fields so fair;
Her many streams which yet do flow;
Her winding paths adown the hill,
And school where I when young did go;
Her many farms with cosy cots,
And thrifty crops which nature gave,
All seemed to beautify the lot
In which I found my mother's grave.

I was a speechless, helpless child
When she passed from this world of strife,
And little of her did I know
While in my young and childish life;
Yet who she was, and where she'd gone,
To know I often then did crave,
Yet not a friend was kind enough
To lead me to my mother's grave.

Oh! oft I've sat upon that porch,
Which graces Leland's township yet,
And how I wept for her to come
I never, never shall forget.
I begged on them to call her home,
For she was all my heart did crave;
Yet not a one was kind enough
To lead me to my mother's grave.

But while I in that town did dwell,
The years did roll quite speedily past,
Until there came a time on which
I was to leave my home at last.
I viewed old Leland's township o'er,
Yet something there my heart did crave,
Which I must leave and never see,
And that was my dear mother's grave.

I passed afar, far miles away,
Yes, far miles to the distant west,
But yet there was a craving fire
Still burning in my youthful breast;
I longed that I might there return,
For my heart ne'er would cease to crave,
No, never till I found that spot,
That sacred spot, my mother's grave.

But years rolled by, yes, speedily by,
Until the right one came at last,
In which I lit on freedom's wing
And to my childhood's home then passed.
I reached old Leland's town once more,
And viewed her streams that dash and wave;
Her winding paths; her green-clad hills;
And dearer still, my mother's grave.

I stood beside that sacred mound,
'Neath which she long had been at rest,
And there that craving fire was quenched
Which burned so deeply in my breast,
I felt as if I'd met her there,
Beneath the willow's boughs that wave,
Beside that quiet, grassy mound,
That sacred mound, my mother's grave.

I stayed by it until the sun
Threw his bright rays from the far west,
Upon the trees, around the lot,
And o'er that sacred sleeper's breast.
I shed a bitter tear o'er it,
Although my heart had ceased to crave,
Yet very sad I felt to think
That I must leave my mother's grave.

But years have passed, yes, many years,
Yes, many, since I viewed that spot,
And though my craving then was quenched,
That sacred mound I've ne'er forgot;
I see it plainly there to-day,
Beneath the willow's boughs that wave,
Amidst old Leland's hills and streams,
That sacred mound, my mother's grave.

DO NOT LEAVE ME, MOTHER.

O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me to-night,
This world's so dark around me
Without one gleam of light.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
O stay with me, kind parent,
Come stay with me, till day.

O do not leave me, mother,
So lonesome and so sad,
When if thou wouldst but stay with me,
'Twould make me feel so glad.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
This world would be a paradise
If thou wouldst only stay.

O do not leave me, mother,
Come gently and o'er me bend;
I'll never have an other such,
An other such a friend.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
This world would be a heaven
If thou wouldst only stay.

O do not leave me, mother,
My pathway seems so long,
And longer yet 'twill seem to me,
If thou hast from me gone.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
O stay with me, kind parent,
And help me on my way.

O do not leave me, mother,
On this dark world alone,
To battle through its many storms
Without a friend or home.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
O stay with me, kind parent,
Through life's long, stormy day.

O do not leave me, mother,
Pray stay till I depart;
Then guide me to that brighter world,
For my only guide thou art.
O do not leave me, mother,
Do not leave me, I pray;
Oh, stay with me, kind parent,
And guide me on that way.

THE HOME OF WILLIAM LEE.

THERE stood once on a pleasant lot
Beside a forest deep and wide,
Behind a sloping meadow green,
A snug log cottage in its pride;
From a far hill there came a stream
Which passed it, roaring like a sea,
And o'er the porch there crept a vine
Which decked the home of William Lee.

He came when he was but a lad
Afar miles from old England's shore,
And bought that pleasant piece of land
On which he longed to dwell e'er more.
He built on it that cottage snug,
And made a vow that he'd ne'er roam,
But there would stay and deck that lot
On which did stand his early home.

He placed along its lines a hedge,
A hedge of English hawthorn sweet;
He planted on it many trees
And vines which made it look quite neat;
He brought to it a pleasant maid,
A pleasant maid to cheer his lot,
And light with joy the rustic walls,
The rustic walls of that log cot.

Its furniture was made by him
To suit that maiden's tasty eye,
And while they there together dwelt,
No cause did they e'er have to sigh;
But soon there came a chilling breeze
Which entered into that snug cot,
And soon two grassy mounds were seen,
Beneath a tree upon that lot.

The cot was left in solitude;
The maiden's voice was heard no more,
Yet very green the woodvine was
Which crept above its lonely door;
But now it all has passed away,
'Tis seen no more upon that lot;
No, nothing but the punky dust,
The punky dust of that log cot.

Its owners long have been at rest,
Yes, long beneath the quiet shade,
The quiet shade on their green lot
Where they were by their neighbors laid;
But in a far far brighter land,
Far miles across a roaring sea,
Perhaps there stands another home,
Another home of William Lee.

THEIR HOME IN THE WEST.

The following was written after looking at a picture taken in the fall of 1886:

THERE it stands 'midst the pleasures of Orland so fair;
Where the wild trees around it do gracefully grow;
Where the flowers of enjoyment bloom over its care;
Where the sweet tide of life does eternally flow;
Where the loud sounds of autumn do through its walls ring;
Where the crickets are seeking for their winter nest;
Where the piercing-voiced songsters their parting songs sing,
Oh! is it not pleasant, that home in the West?

By a fence of bright wire it is neatly inclosed,
Which shows to the passer its pleasant formed lot;
To the soft winds of autumn 'tis slightly exposed,
Which air the decked walls of that neatly-kept cot.
'Tis graced by a mistress so young and so fair,
With whose musical voice it is all the day blessed,
And the large, thrifty house plants do show her great care,
Which stand at the door of that home in the West.

It is also adorned by an interesting lad,
  Who some years ago passed to the far West,
And though his departure caused us to feel sad,
  We plainly now see that it was for the best;
He there met that maiden who now is his bride,
  And with her sweet presence may he e'er be
    blessed;
May their bark o'er the waters of life smoothly glide,
  And may joy ever brighten their home in the West.

THE CAPTURED BIRD.

I WAS caught in a roomless, prison-like cage,
Where there was no stretch for my growing wing;
My sharp, thrilling voice increased with my age,
But my sad heart knew no song of glory to sing.
My feathers grew dull for want of the sun;
My wings seemed to hunger to soar in the air,
No use had they been since my life had begun,
But to fold o'er my back in that prison cage there.

I saw through the window above which my cage hung,
An anxious form watching and waiting for me,
And begging to them through the sweet songs he sung,
For to let his companion on this bright world free;
But they heeded him not as they passed through the hall,
For their thoughts were on something far higher than he;
For soon to a feast all their friends they did call,
And there all alone in that prison left me.

But not long after that in that cage did I stay,
For one morning to feed me they opened the door,
And by their slow fingers I quick made my way,
And in that lone prison was seen never more;
I, with my companion, soared far o'er the land,
Far far miles away to a beautiful sea;
And as I unharmed by its bright waters stand,
I know I am free, I am free, I am free!

THE FISHERMAN'S COT.

ON a lonely spot by the roaring sea,
Where the dashing waves wash o'er the sand;
Where the ocean breeze blows wild and free,
The fisherman's cot alone doth stand.
Its only foundation's the sandy shore;
Its only dooryard's the roaring sea;
Its only music's the dashing roar
Of the waves in their ocean home so free.

On a stormy night so dark and sad,
When the sailor rides on the roaring sea,
Its twinkling light makes his heart feel glad,
For he knows not far from the shore can he be;
And when the morning doth sweetly come,
And his eye glides o'er many a restless wave
To the distant shore, on that lonely home,
His heart grows manly, fearless and brave.

And when he reaches that sandy spot,
  And looks afar o'er the barren plain
Which composes the scene that lies back of the cot,
  His childhood days return again ;
But when he stands in its open door,
  And looks afar o'er the roaring sea,
His days of danger return once more,
  And afar from that water he longs to be.

Ah, will he thus feel when he's ordered by death,
  To cross that wildly roaring sea;
Ah, will he when on it, with trembling breath,
  Long that he soon on the shore may be;
Will there be afar on that distant shore
  A twinkling light to cheer his lot,
While he glides o'er the waves which do dash and
    roar,
  Like the twinkling light in the fisherman's cot.

THE WIDOW'S PLEASANT HOME.

THERE stood once on a pleasant lot,
Beside a pleasant way,
A gothic house o'erhung with vines,
I see it there this day.
Its yard was filled with many shrubs,
And trees which few yards own,
A hawthorn hedge did deck its front,
It was a widow's home.

A widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, none would I long to roam,"
Said many a man, "if I only was lord
Of that widow's pleasant home."

"An income large she really must have,"
You oft might hear them say,
And slow their steeds were permitted to go,
While passing along that way,
Two daughters fair oft graced the porch,
"Oh, where does a mother own
Two such fair maids," they oft would say,
"To grace her pleasant home."

That widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, where does a mother own
Two such fair maids," they oft would say,
"To grace her pleasant home."

A gentleman fine whose name was Lee,
Passed by that home one day,
And so bewitching it was to him,
That he stoped while retracing his way,
He tied his horse to the fashionable post,
He walked to the curtained door,
And when he entered he felt like one
Who had fled to a heavenly shore.

That widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, none would I long to roam,"
Said that elegant man, "if I only was lord
Of that widow's pleasant home."

A face of beauty led him in,
As fair as the winter snow,
And when he called for the queen of the house,
With a smile his request she did show,
The elderly lady was dressed in black,
Her amusements were very great,
And before he from them did depart,
The hour had grown very late.

That widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, none will I long to roam,
Said that elegant man, "when I get to be lord
Of that widow's pleasant home."

Not long was it after that visit took place,
That a wedding there did occur,
And that elderly lady stood by that man's side
All dressed in her silk and fur,
The two gay hearts were joined in one,
The daughters were pleased with the tie,
And that elegant man felt really as if
He was placed on a seat of the high.

That widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, none do I long to roam,"
Said that elegant man, "when he got to be lord
Of that widow's pleasant home."

Now after the two hearts were joined in one,
A trip to an eastern lake,
That elegant man with his elderly bride,
A few weeks to spend did take,
While there he discovered her many false shows,
And when they returned to their home,
The maiden's cosmetic had taken a flee,
Such darkies no man would own.

That widow's pleasant home,
"Oh, much I do long to roam,"
Said that elegant man, "when he did return
To that widow's pleasant home.

But while the days and weeks passed by,
His displeasures hotter did grow,
And alas! they reached their greatest heat,
When to him the sheriff did show,
A mortgage signed by his dear bride's hand,
Which covered her pleasant home,
And all the pleasures about that place,
For which he had wed her to own.

That widow's mortgaged home,
"Oh, had I but longed to roam,
I would have been free," said that elegant man,
"From that widow's mortgaged home."

He plainly now saw that too hasty he was
When he called at her home that day;
He had better examined the records before
He stopped while retracing his way;
He had better had an anxious desire
Afar o'er the world to roam,
Than to have desired, as he did, to be lord
Of that widow's deceiving home.

That widow's deceiving home,
Oh, better he'd longed to roam,
Than to have desired, as he did, to be lord
Of that widow's deceiving home.

Now gentlemen, all take a lesson from this,
And when such a web you pass by,
Let not the gay vines and shrubbery about
Entice you to be but a fly;
Remember you're better alone on this world,
And better you'd be to roam,
Than to be the lord and supporter of
A widow's mortgaged home.

A widow's mortgaged home,
Oh, better you'd be to roam,
Than to be the lord and supporter of
A widow's mortgaged home.

BARBARA 'AS BEAT US ALL.

OH, dear! he's wed at last, girls,
Young Johnny by the way,
Wi'in his nobby braw huse
His bonny bride does stay.
Her cheeks are like two roses;
Her features like a doll;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

Barbara 'as beat us all,
The joke does on us fall;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

She went to work for Wilson,
A farmer by that way,
'Twas there that Johnny saw her
While passing 'long one day;
Her eyes, which are like diamonds,
Did love to him recall;
He says, "That girl shall be my bride,"
So Barbara 'as beat us all.

Barbara 'as beat us all,
The joke does on us fall;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

He soon stopped there to see her,
And called her to one side;
He asked her for to go with him
And take a pleasant ride.
While on that ride he told her, he
In love with her did fall;
He asked her to become his bride,
So Barbara 'as beat us all.

Barbara 'as beat us all,
The joke does on us fall;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

They courted for a short time
And then they both were wed,
'Twas at her mother's residence
That that took place, they said;
The cards were out for many days,
Their friends to that place call
To see that laddie and his bride,
So Barbara 'as beat us all.

Barbara 'as beat us all,
The joke does on us fall;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

They now are dwelling in their home,
Their courting days are o'er,
Young Johnny needs to seek a bride
And be sneered at no more ;
He saw that handsome German girl,
Who did to him recall
Love, which he had given up,
So Barbara 'as beat us all.

Barbara 'as beat us all,
The joke does on us fall ;
We're now all left behind, girls,
For Barbara 'as beat us all.

THE WELL-MET PAIR.

DOWN on the corner of Fulton street,
There once stood a cot which is not there today;
I was called with some others to view a scene
Which occurred there one spring in the month of May.
The cot was decked with pictures and flowers;
The table was set with what all I know not;
Ah! such a gay union was never made
As was made that night in that Fulton street cot.

The bride was dressed in a costly silk;
The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of gray;
They stood underneath an evergreen cross,
While the priest stood in front, and in Latin did pray;
The bridegroom was decked with a mustache black;
The bride's face was freckled, and red was her hair;
Ah! such a gay scene was never looked on,
As the night they wed, that well-met pair.

The old landlady was dressed in black;
The old landlord was dressed in blue;
"Come, pray," said the landlord, to all in the cot,
"That these souls may ever be happy and true;"
They all knelt down upon the floor
And gave the signs of the cross, while there
They prayed to the Virgin and all above
To ever make happy that well-met pair.

They then arose with shouts and yells,
And passed to every one the cup;
"Pray don't be afraid," the landlord cried,
"Come take, my friends, all take a sup."
They then did extend their hands, and wish
That couple a life free from strife and care;
Ah! such a gay time was never spent,
As the night they wed, that well-met pair.

ODES.

ODE TO MY MARE.

OR

The Witch of the Wave.

OH fairest and dearest of all of thy race,
There's nothing but honesty shines in thy face
A style of perfection thou oft dost unfold
Which was given to thee by nature's best mould;
In a robe thou art wrapped, of colors most bright
Which shine like rich diamonds encircled by light;
So handsome and true; so gay and so brave;
Thou art my companion, the witch of the wave.

Ah! the finest, and richest, and purest of blood
Doth flow in thy veins, that hath flowed since the flood;
And thy eyes, like two diamonds so fiery and bright,
Shine from their dark lashes like fire in the night;
And thy neck, which was cast in the shape of the bow,
Is with thunder well clothed where thy dark mane doth grow;
And thy musical step, so war-like and brave,
Calls thee my companion, the witch of the wave.

Ah, finest and fairest of all such on earth!
Thou art, yes, the gayest, the flower of the turf.
Ah! such a perfection nature ne'er did unfold,
As she did when she cast this queen from her mold.
So meek and so gay when thou standeth nigh,
Composed of a substance which gold cannot buy;
So honest and true, so powerful and brave,
Thou art my companion, the witch of the wave,

Ah! fairest on earth, yes, dearest to me,
Parted while life lasts we never shall be,
No never, until by death's icy hand
We're parted to meet in a far brighter land,
Where we shall in glory in that splendid home
O'er hills and through valleys forever more roam;
With joy everlasting, for naught shall we crave,
You'll be my companion, the witch of the wave.

ODE TO MAIDENS.

HE stood on a rock in the dark rolling ocean;
He asked her to come to his side;
He said he ne'er loved one on earth yet like her;
He asked her to be his dear bride.
"O come, dearest one! O come, dearest one!"
As he stretched his hand out t'wards the shore;
"O come, dearest one!" he coaxingly cried,
"That bright wave will now bear you o'er."

"O, how dare I go! O, how dare I go!"
As her eyes were cast down to the sand;
"O, how dare I go!" she solemnly said,
"I am far safer here on the land."
But he coaxingly cried, "O come, dearest one!
O come, dearest one, to my side!
Upon this firm rock come dear one and stand,
While the waves do declare you my bride."

But she looked at the wave with a reasoning glance,
Which was later cast back to the shore,
And she feared that the land was the far safer yet,
For that wave could ne'er bear her o'er;
But he solemnly cried, "O come, dearest one!
O come, dearest one here and stand!
Come mount on that wave which will now bear you o'er,
For 'tis safer far more than the land."

Though doubting still yet, she mounted the wave
And trusted to him as her guide;
She prayed to the God of the heavens on high
To place her there safe by his side;
But not far had she gone when by wicked deceit,
He turned his face 'round with a frown,
And watching no more for his dear one to come,
That false wave with her went down.

Now, maidens dear, all heed these verses in time,
And if you should meet such a man,
Take nothing for truth that he to you doth say,
But avoid him as much as you can;
For if you do not you may be like that lass
Who stood on the bright sandy shore,
And by taking for truth what he to her did say
She now graces that bright scene no more.

POOR RILEY'S ODE TO HIS KIN.

AT last I am sleeping beneath the green sod,
In a grove where the evergreens grow;
I have left this dark world of trouble and strife
And crossed where the dark waters flow.
Come not, in your mournings, to weep o'er me now,
For ye care not a penny for me,
No, not half so much as ye do for the leaves
That drop out of the sycamore tree.

Let them now weep o'er me who stayed with me when
In my dark, lonely shed I did lay,
Who held my pained head, and fanned my hot brow,
And watched o'er me both night and day.
Come not, in your mournings, to weep o'er me now,
For ye care not a penny for me,
No, not half so much as ye do for the leaves
That drop out of the sycamore tree.

Why did ye not come when your help I did need?
When I lay on my hard, dying bed,
With scarcely a blanket to cover my form,
Or a pillow to hold my pained head?
Come not, in your mournings, to weep o'er me now,
For ye care not a penny for me,
No, not half so mnch as ye do for the leaves
That drop out of the sycamore tree.

Why did ye not come if ye cared for me then,
And bring to my dark shed a light?
For poor Nellie and John who watched o'er my bed
Sat there in the dark of the night.
Come not, in your mournings, to weep o'er me now,
For ye care not a penny for me,
No, not half so much as ye do for the leaves
That drop out of the sycamore tree.

But at last all my troubles on earth have passed by,
And my bones are at rest 'neath the sod;
My spirit has fled where no sorrow is known,
To that beautiful home of my God.
Come not, in your mournings, to weep o'er me now,
For ye care not a penny for me,
No, not half so much as ye do for the leaves
That drop out of the sycamore tree.

ODE TO THE MOORE GIRLS.

OH, ye fair maids who dwell alone
With not a kin ye to assist;
Ye make your snug vine-covered home,
As happy as a robin's nest;
Ye tend the cattle rich and fine;
Ye drive the steeds of spirit high;
Ye draw from your farm like a mine,
'Tis killing to your neighbor's eye.

Ye go about when comes the spring,
And view your soil turned in the fall;
Ye to it labor soon doth bring,
And it to its old work recall;
Ye turn the sod and plant the corn;
Ye tend it well to make it thrive;
It seems, dear maids, if ye were born
To get what e'er for ye do strive.

Ye work when hay-time comes around,
With patient labor in the hay;
Ye in the harvest-field are found,
A-gleaning cheerfully day by day;
Ye give yourselves by labor, health,
Which glows like sunshine on the cheek,
And with it comes a prosperous wealth,
Which honors them who it thus seek.

Ye, when your harvesting is o'er,
And threshing day has cheerfully passed,
Pour out the bright grain on the floor,
And know its value soon at last.
Then turn the sod and sow the wheat;
Then cut and husk the shining corn;
Ah! all the luck that ye with meet
Is yours, for surely ye it earn.

Ye, when your farm work thus is o'er,
Prepare for winter use your wood;
Then meet the chilling blast once more,
Your stock and ye prepared with food;
Then through the winter cheerfully dwell,
Without a sign of discontent,
Ah! where can any person tell
The lives of two so happily spent.

O! pray may your lives thus go on
Through changeless seasons, till ye die;
And may your beauty ne'er be gone,
Which causes many a man to sigh;
And when ye pass from this short life
To dwell upon a distant shore,
In that far land, free from all strife
May ye dwell happy evermore.

ODE TO THE SOUTHERLAND SISTERS.

YE maids whose father has much gold,
Who owns a mansion fair and wide,
But with it all ye can't get sold,
Which humbles ye in all your pride.
Ye've clothing of the latest style;
Ye've many rigs and horses fine,
Yet not a man can ye e'er wile
To take ye for your father's mine.

Upon your shining porch ye sit
A-gazing o'er your father's land,
The saddest thing your eyes e'er met,
Upon a sloping knoll does stand;
Its walls are rough without, but in
No neater does your home possess,
And such a lass yours never seen
As does that humble cottage bless.

O! oft upon a dapple mare,
Ye see her from your home pass by;
Ah! with much trouble ye then share
When such a scene does meet your eye.
Her lady-form does set the beast
As if a part of it was she;
The eyes of many on her feast,
But sore it makes the eyes of ye.

When winter comes, upon the ice,
A-down a stream, she glides to town,
While ye look from your parlor nice,
Your faces covered with a frown;
Her rosy cheeks amidst the cold
Strike on the jealous eyes of ye,
And on your brows leave prints of old,
Which men ye try to capture, see.

But why do ye thus worry so
Because of beauty ye have none?
That gift of nature ye must know
Can never fall to every one;
Your homeliness is well your own,
For from your parents ye it take;
A peasant's place is not a throne,
Nor gold of pewter can ye make.

That maiden who ye envy much
Possesses naught but what's her own;
That worthy gift ye ne'er can fetch
By money, to your wealthy home;
Each have their parts in life to play,
And she was gifted for her part
With beauty, which may with her stay
And ruin many a maiden's heart.

So trouble yourselves now no more,
  But through life cheerfully pass along,
Your honor never will be o'er
  If right ye do, when ye are gone;
And if your parts can't be the best,
  Pray make them up to what ye can;
Such homely maids can ne'er be blessed
  With honest love of any man.

ODE TO NETTIE GRAY.

DEAR maid of the fairest, O! happy art thou,
Who dwells near the way on a fine sloping lot,
Decked by many fine trees, one horse, and a cow,
Green vines, a fine hedge, and a snug little cot;
A stream at the west side does gently flow by,
Which leads to another which flows to a town;
O! bright is that scene to the loneliest eye
When behind a far green hill the sun's passing down.

O! there all alone with your mother you dwell,
Your brother, a lawyer, spends days in the town;
O! sweet is the story that all of you tell,
Which places on the faces of some maids a frown;
Your neat furnished cot you tend with much care,
For what you want daily, you visit the town
On the soft springy back of a fine dapple mare,
Which surpasses all steeds that your rich neighbors own.

O, sour they do look when they see you pass by,
And think of the beauty that thou doth possess,
Which causes the Southerland sisters to sigh
To think nature did not with that, too, them bless;
And when in the winter you pass down the stream
With your skates, your companion that takes you to town,
To see you, unpleasant it does to them seem,
To think that your beauty they never can own.

But why do they trouble themselves about thee?
Who higher than Nature can ever excel?
Who makes all, and knows what she makes them to be?
'Tis certain no soul on this world knows as well.
The stock they belong to they ever must be;
If homely, they ne'er can exchange it for fair;
I should think by their parents they might plainly see
That of such work of nature they have their full share.

But in place of thus reasoning, they look upon thee,
And fret because beauty is more than they own;
That each have their part on life's stage, they can't see,
And their only treasure's their wealth and their home;
They're not like thee, Nettie, who envies them not
For all of the fashions and money they own,
But with thy much beauty, within thy neat cot,
Dwells happier much than a queen on a throne.

O beauty, dear Nettie, is dearer, 'tis true,
In the eyes of the greatest, than mountains of gold!
O such is the treasure, my dear lass, of you
Which ne'er can be stolen by envy nor sold!
It was to your ancestors nature it gave,
And you, a descendant, inherit it still;
'Tis all that the Southerland sisters do crave,
O had they but it, they would sure have their fill.

But that they have not, so through life they pass on;
Their parts are to envy your treasure-some lot;
The beauty of their costly mansion is gone
When they gaze on thee by thy snug little cot.
O Nettie, how bright is thy part in this life!
O pray may it be in the next full as fair!
May you like in this world exempt from all strife,
Inherit of beauty your much envied share.

ODE TO THE BROWN GIRLS.

YE maids who little Nature gave
And of who little does require,
'Tis certain she does little crave
For such as ye to much aspire.
Ye are the roughest of her work;
The coarsest stuff does ye compose;
Of all the blood that she does make,
The poorest of it in ye flows.

Your father may have heaps of gold,
Large farms of land and mansions wide,
But with it all he can't unfold
A gift of nature for his pride;
In robes of silk he may ye dress,
And ye adorn with many a chain;
With what's more dear he can't ye bless,
That's Nature's gift, a noble brain.

Ye hold your heads quite high, 'tis true,
While in your gay rig passing by,
O, pray may I now say to you
The truth, and cause ye not to sigh?
Ye've seen in wheat-fields heads of wheat,
Which in them did possess no grains,
Stand up quite straight, they're yours complete,
Which have within them little brains.

The finest schools ye did attend,
  Yet little in them could ye learn;
Ye on your father's gold depend
  For husbands for yourselves to earn;
But if ye ever do them get,
  They will be things about like ye,
For no sound men could ever let
  Themselves tied to such nothings be.

But yet there are such parts in life
  As want such as ye, them to take,
Which do require no toil nor strife,
  But simply what such as ye make;
And men who have such parts to play,
  Ye may before ye die yet find,
Who with ye for your gold will stay,
  For, like yourselves, they've little mind.

ODE TO A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

O beautiful maid, thou art queen of the farm,
The horses, the cattle, and fowls which there dwell!
Thou seems to spread o'er its wide meadows a charm
Of which the gay songsters in glory there tell;
Thou art seen in the morning before the bright sun,
A-feeding the poultry and milking the cows;
O bright is thy part which thou here hast begun,
Which ought to the drowsy that see thee, arouse.

To pasture thou goes on a spirited steed,
A-taking the cows to a wealthy supply
In a prosperous field, where they quietly feed
Until thou goes for them when evening draws nigh.
The bob-o-link cheers thee while on thy bright way;
The robin sings loudly and soars o'er thy head;
It seems, O dear maid, as if where thou doth stay
The birds of the neighborhood mostly have fled.

When haying comes 'round, in the field thou art seen
A-cheerfully raking the sweet-scented hay ;
When harvest doth come, thou doth cheerfully glean
Quite nigh to the loud-sounding reaper each day,
And when all the haying and harvest is o'er,
Thou art seen in the corn-field a-husking the corn ;
O pray, may thy love for the farm last e'er more,
Which really, I dare say, within thee was born !

O better, 'tis certain, the country would be
If more of its lassies had love for the farm ;
If oftener they were found toiling like thee,
Which brings to thee glory and never no harm ;
If less were found riding upon the highway
A-searching the country for husbands to find,
Their lives would be sweeter, I fear not to say,
And healthier they'd be of body and mind.

But many the work of the farm do despise,
And say that for lassies 'tis fully too low,
But by their thus saying they show they're not wise,
For if they were, better than that they would know.
They're not like thee, lassie, who all the joy knows
That in the wide garden of nature doth dwell ;
And that it improves thee, thy healthy form shows,
And thy cheeks by their rosiness plainly do tell.

ODE TO TWO SCOTCH LADDIES.

YE homely lads who left the East
And sought a fortune in the West,
Expecting there on wealth to feast
With which ye could not here be blessed;
In Iowa a farm ye bought
In whose rich center was a lake,
And when spring came that land ye sought,
The water rose and all did take.

Ye now were forced to leave your home
Which was a sea, and seek dry land;
What little money ye did own
Gave ye a spot not on to stand.
The fortune ye supposed was there,
Ye found ye with were not yet blessed;
But stay ye must and with all share,
For ye dare never leave the West.

So when the lake begun to lower,
Ye tilled your soil and sowed your grain;
Ye thought it glorious once more
And wrote your friends of western fame;
Ye said ye would not give one hog
For quite a good farm in the East,
And from your lake ye'd give no frog,
For, from your friends, a Christmas feast.

Ye in a shanty there did dwell
With but the earth its floor to make;
Ye of a bachelor's life can tell,
The part I fear ye e'er must take;
Ye sought young lassies but were spurned;
Ah! who such homely lads could bear?
If wives ye e'er get they'll be earned,
For who for such coarse men could care.

But now ye've left your watery farm,
And what ye're at I cannot tell;
'Tis certain ye can do no harm,
If 'tis beyond ye to do well.
Among the frog ponds of the West,
Ye found the frogs too sharp for ye;
That farm ye thought with wealth was blessed,
Ye found to be a fruitless sea.

Ye dare not to this land return
For fear ye'd scare the people here;
A living there ye sure can earn,
For everything is far from dear.
So there ye'd better live and die,
And seek no other place on earth;
Pray don't come here, ye'll cause a sigh,
Ye'll make Niagara change her course.

ODE TO A MAPLE TREE.

YE child of the forest, who standeth alone
On the centermost spot of a wide meadow green,
With not a kin near thee, thy presence to own,
Nor when bent by a storm, in one's bosom to lean.
When once all around thee thy many friends dwelt,
Upon this wide meadow and many fields more,
Till the ax of the woodman that deep forest felt,
Who came to thy home from a far distant shore.

He laid all thy neighbors 'neath thee, at thy feet,
And for thy thick branches allowed thee to stand,
His dinner within thy wide shadow to eat
When thy friends were gone and he was tilling the land.
O queen of the forest thou really must been,
Or else like thy neighbors thou'd been fallen too;
These days of lone silence thou never would seen
Had not them thick branches been given to you.

O many a season of storms thou hath stood
Since thy neighbors around thee were taken away,
With which made the woodman his home and fire-wood,
And many more homes in which pioneers stay.
O, oft 'neath thy boughs weary gleaners took rest!
O, oft have the haymakers taken the same!
O, oft was thy trunk 'neath thy spreading bows blest
With many a woodman or haymaker's name!

O, often has childood beneath thy boughs played,
And gathered around thee, for play-huts to build
Small stones, which on top of the spreading field laid,
Turned up by the farmer by whom it was tilled;
And often have lovers their promises made
'Neath thy rustling boughs in the bright hours of youth,
By the stones which in childhood were brought and with played,
By hands which knew nothing but virtue and truth.

O, oft in thy bosom the songsters have sung
Their cherishing songs in the sweet hours of spring,
When nature upon thee had slightly begun
Thy new, glossy robe to thy bare limbs to bring.
O, oft upon thee their mates they have chose;
Of the nests they have built, some on ye yet remain,
From which their gay offspring in glory arose,
And will come, like their parents, to cheer thee again.

O queen of the forest, with much thou art blessed,
Although thou art left on this bare spot alone;
Thy pleasures I hope I have widely expressed,
But of all productions but few dost thou own.
Like all of thy kind, thou but one life possesses,
Of what thou art made thou must yet to return;
With all of the splendor that Nature thee blesses,
She gives man the power thee to fall and to burn.

But that thou 'as escaped and through many years passed,
The woodman who spared thee lies now 'neath the sod;
Thou 'as always met nature, but thou must yet at last
Meet death, that fierce errander sent here by God.
He'll banish thy life and the queen will proceed,
Dear nature who executes laws made by God;
Thy form will decay and the worms on thee feed,
Ah! soon thy staunch form will be dust on the sod.

Or else by some woodman thou may be removed,
And by his warm fire into ashes be made;
Thy beautiful robe which the songsters much loved,
Will then sadly be lost with its much cooling shade.
But when thy part's played, thou can flourish no more
As a home for the songsters or shade for mankind;
Thy life through all seasons forever is o'er,
Ah! in no other life will man ever thee find.

THE COTTER'S ODE TO HIS LONG-DESIRED HOME

HOME, my imagination loves
And pictures every hour to me;
Farm, o'er whose fields my eyesight roves,
Ah! will ye ever mine yet be?
Ye vine-clad cot back from the way,
Upon ye hedged-in farm I see;
Ah! when will ye be mine, I pray?
Come, labor sweet, give that to me.

Thou'rt all I ever for desired
Through years which I in labor spent,
Though little have I to aspired,
A wish for thou, God to me sent;
But forty acres you contain,
From which a living I can make,
And happy there through life remain,
No better part wish I to take.

Since young, I've many pennies saved,
But wrongly they've been stolen from me,
Thou only thing I long have craved
Art not mine, and thou ne'er may be.
All wages now are growing low,
And land is growing very high;
If to me thou this world don't owe,
Thou'll be mine surely when I die.

Then far across a roaring sea,
I'll see thou waiting from this shore;
Ah! light will be the soul of me
While on the tide 'tis carried o'er.
The distance soon will disappear,
And soon upon that shore I'll stand;
A master's voice no more to hear,
Save God's, in that eternal land.

Thou forty acres then is mine,
Decked as my thoughts have oft me told;
O! Maggie, pleasure shall be thine
When heaven does to us unfold.
If we can't through our savings here
That long-desired treasure buy,
We'll be rewarded, Maggie dear,
With that forever when we die.

Then there together we shall dwell
In peace through that eternal life;
Our neighbors we can often tell
Of by-gone days of toil and strife.
But all our labor in this life
That brought us naught, we for shant care,
For for our fruitless toil and strife
We'll have our much desired share.

EPITAPHS.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A STRANGER.

The following Epitaph was written after reading the life and description of the burial place of a friendless stranger, in a remote and distant land, when the Author was thirteen years of age.

O WEEP, ye wild evergreens, mournfully weep!
Weep gently o'er the spot where I sleep,
For my burdens on earth are all o'er;
In this dark world of strife I have played all my part,
I have gone through with many a sad feeling heart,
But that I shall ne'er meet no more.
I have battled through many a snow storm and sleet,
And with many a dark, stormy day I did meet
In that life which has now passed away;
And the thorns and the thistles all seemed to prick me,
And all of earth's darkness seemed on me to flee,
But I'm through with that dark, stormy day.
So weep, ye wild mourners, for ye are all now
That o'er my green bed, here in pity doth bow,
For my friends do all sleep miles away;
And here I do sleep in my still, lonely nest,
I've not a friend near me although I'm at rest;
Yes, I'm through with life's dark, stormy day.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A FARMER.

HERE lies an old friend of the sickle and plough,
Cold is his form and pale is his brow;
He is taking his rest in his own quiet shade,
To which he was brought by his neighbors and laid;
He once on his farm with great pleasure did toil,
And his passing away its beauty did spoil,
But for what he has done pray may he be blessed,
And here, in his last home, forever find rest.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A CARPENTER.

THE master of the plane here lies,
In sweet repose he closed his eyes;
His trade with him on earth is o'er;
He's fled to a far brighter shore,
Where he may there his trade unfold
And build for many, cots of gold;
Or else in honored joy there roam,
While his bones rest in their clay home.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A CHILD.

BENEATH this quiet, grassy mound
I laid my dear to rest;
That heart which once to mine was bound
Is now torn from my breast.
O! sweet be his rest here alone,
Within this quiet shade;
His spirit soared to its far home,
And his form here was laid.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A BLACK-SMITH.

HERE lie the bones of a well-known friend,
Who for many years o'er the anvil did bend;
Who greeted the iron with many a blow
While the sparks, as an answer, did 'round his head flow;
Who placed on the horse's feet many a shoe;
Who spent life laborious, honest, and true;
And after his trade he could practice no more,
He fled from his shop to a far brighter shore.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A MINISTER.

HERE lie the bones of a servant divine,
Who tried all his life his friends to refine,
And though he with ill luck often did meet,
His friends with a smile he always did greet.
He worked for his Master quite faithful each day,
But at last from his business death called him away;
And taught him a lesson that nature did rule,
And favored him not if he was God's tool;
And perhaps he has found by this time, I dare say,
That his life was spent in a useless way.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DOCTOR.

HERE lie the bones of a robber of Death,
It was good for the public when he lost his breath;
His wonderful art on this world is o'er;
He's gone where his business he'll practice no more;
He's met with his victims perhaps, I dare say,
In a land from which he ne'er can pass them away;
But as his part it was, pray may he be blessed,
And since he's now harmless, forever take rest.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A LAWYER.

HERE lies a practicer of the law,
He with it many a man did claw;
His arguments on earth are o'er;
He'll visit the courts of this world no more;
He's gone to a far, far brighter land,
Where he may among such lawyers stand
In the courts of heaven when souls disagree,
And by his arguments cause them to be
Directed into the lawful way
From which it is vile and sinful to stray.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A MERCHANT.

A Merchant's body here doth lie;
His death caused many a man to sigh;
His neatly kept and well-filled store,
We see, as he had it, no more.
He's gone to a far, far brighter home,
To a land where we in time must roam;
His business's o'er, it he'll not try,
For there they neither sell nor buy.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A BUTCHER.

HERE lies the master of the knife,
Who took from many a beast its life;
His slaughtering trade with him is o'er;
He's gone where that he'll do no more.
His victims there perhaps he'll meet,
Composed of what no man can eat;
But for that he will never sigh,
For there they have no meat to buy.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A MILLINER.

HERE the form of a milliner lies,
Among the hats she closed her eyes;
Her trimming with victims of fashion is o'er,
She's gone where the songsters she'll butcher no more;
She's gone to a land which the songsters make bright,
Not by trimming maid's hats, but by songs of delight;
But since her part's played and her practice is o'er,
Pray may her bones rest, and her soul on that shore.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A HERO.

HOW quiet he sleeps, no sound can awake him,
The battle is o'er and the victory is won;
He sleeps 'neath the sod where his comrades did lay him;
His life in eternity's world has begun.
The cannon may roar, and the fifer may call him,
He's fled to a land where no battles are known;
He's crossed a dark river and left far behind him,
A name of such glory as few heroes own.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF AN AUTHOR.

HERE lies the master of the pen,
Who did much for to instruct men;
His writing in this world is o'er;
He's fled to a far brighter shore,
Where he may many subjects find,
And books in heavenly splendor bind;
Or else about that great world roam,
While his name stands in this far home.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A MISER.

HERE lies a man who worshiped gold,
Who would for it his best friend sold;
His saving pennies, now is o'er;
He's gone to a far different shore;
His gold with him he could not take,
Nor none in that land can he make;
Though sad it must seem to him, 'tis true,
His days of saving gold are through.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A BACHELOR.

HERE lies a man who was never wed,
Many declared that sound was his head,
He closed his eyes in his shanty alone,
He had not an heir for what he did own;
He's fled from this world and left no seed behind,
He never himself to a maiden would bind;
He has gone to his grave and took with him his name,
He's left naught behind as he brought when he came.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF AN OLD MAID.

HERE the bones of an old maid lie;
On account of her death she's left no one to sigh;
She has fled from this world of trouble and strife
And gone where eternal will be her life.
When she was a girl she spurned being wed;
She said, "Than to do so, maids better be dead,"
And when she grew old, no man would her take,
So naught but an old maid did she ever make.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DEPARTED WIFE.

MY companion has left me and gone to her rest;
O green is the clod that covers her breast;
Her face on this world I will see never more,
No, never until I have reached that far shore.
She has fled from my cottage and left me alone,
To join in the glory of that splendid home;
By the cold hand of death she was torn from my heart,
But soon we will meet again, never to part.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DEPARTED HUSBAND.

DEATH 's taken from me my protector away;
Here 'neath the green sod his cold form doth lay;
He has fled from this world to a beautiful home,
To a home of such splendor as this world don't own.
O, oft o'er his grave I in sorrow do bend;
I am left on this world and have lost my best friend,
But soon my few days in this life will be o'er,
Then in splendor I'll dwell with him on that shore.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A FATHER AND MOTHER.

HERE father and mother are taking their rest,
They grace their old homestead no more,
Their part they have played on the stage of life,
And fled to a heavenly shore.

They passed through this troublesome world hand in hand,
And now here they side by side lay;
Oh, may their souls e'er in eternity rest,
And their bones here beneath the cold clay.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF TWO OLD COMPANIONS.

WE are taking our rest in the quiet shade,
Our troubles on this world are o'er;
We were brought to this spot by our own seed and layed;
We shall visit this dark world no more.

Our part on the stage of life we have played,
And passed to a heavenly land;
And though our forms are here beneath the sod layed,
Our souls in eternity stand.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DEPARTED LAD.

WHILE passing by this mound, you see,
'Neath it a lad as gay as thee
Was caused by the cold hand of death
To reach this spot and here take rest.
You all must go this very way;
You're nature's make, composed of clay;
You're but a flower that first doth bloom,
And next doth sink within the tomb.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A HORSE.

HERE lie the bones of a gallant steed,
Who was the best of all his breed;
His form is no more on this world seen,
He's gone where the pastures are wide and green;
His victorious part on life's stage he played,
And then to the land of eternity strayed;
So his bones here rest and his soul is free
In the endless life of eternity.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A WAR-HORSE.

HERE the form of a war-horse lies,
In the midst of the battle he closed his eyes;
His step will be heard on this world no more;
He's fled with his comrades to heaven's bright shore;
He has gone to a land where no battles are known,
No cannon's loud roar, nor no dying one's groan;
His brave part is played and his soul is free
In endless life, o'er death's dark sea.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DOG.

HERE lies an old friend who was honest and true,
Who would for his master much trouble go through;
He is taking his rest where his master him laid,
All alone 'neath the sod in the willow's sweet shade.
He has gone to a land to which him men deny;
They say that such creatures are done when they die,
But I guess they will find when their lives here are o'er.
That poor Rover has joined in the life of that shore.

FOR THE GRAVE-STONE OF A HORSE.

The following was written for the grave-stone of a horse which had, during his life, borne many hardships.

HERE 'neath the sod by this lofty tree,
Lies the body of one who was true and just;
Who, when at labor, was always free,
And of all his kind he was really the best.
He was born on the farm where his bones now lie,
Through many rude hands that poor soul has passed;
But without a refusal or a sigh,
He bore it until he found rest at last.

The first of his owners was William Lee,
Who taught him to be a horse for the farm,
And with him at labor poor Jim loved to be,
For he knew his kind master would do him no harm.
But the chilling storms of one autumn came,
Which caused their labor to cease at last;
And before the spring-time come again,
His master afar from this world had passed.

He then was described in print, on a bill,
And on the appointed day was sold ;
Though to that poor horse it seemed quite ill,
His tale of misery was never told ;
His only friend had passed away,
His only friend who was true and kind,
And he feared there would never come the day
On which he again such a friend would find.

He was bought by a man whose name was Bard,
Whose business was peddling day by day,
And to poor Jim it seemed quite hard,
To drag him along the hot dusty way,
But when the summer months passed away,
And old Winter appeared quite fierce and cold,
Bard's peddling business ceased to pay,
And a second time poor Jim was sold.

He was bought by a man whose name was Brown,
Whose business was that of driving a dray,
And through all seasons in Barnerd town,
Poor Jim was driven day by day.
But soon Brown from his business passed,
But what had happened poor Jim was ne'er told,
Until the day arrived at last
On which he was a third time sold.

Thus on through life he passed along,
Being changed for money near every year,
Until he was bought by a man called Throng,
And brought to his early home so dear;
From it he ne'er was torn again,
Until he was torn by death's cold hand
From his dearest home in this world of pain,
To flee to eternity's endless land.

O! may his rest ever be sweet here alone,
For his days in this life of darkness are o'er,
His part he has played in this earthly home,
And fled where with trouble he'll meet no more,
He's gone to a land where no man can him buy,
Where none but the Father above can him own;
Although he bore much here without a sigh,
He will notice the difference in that far home.

THE END.

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